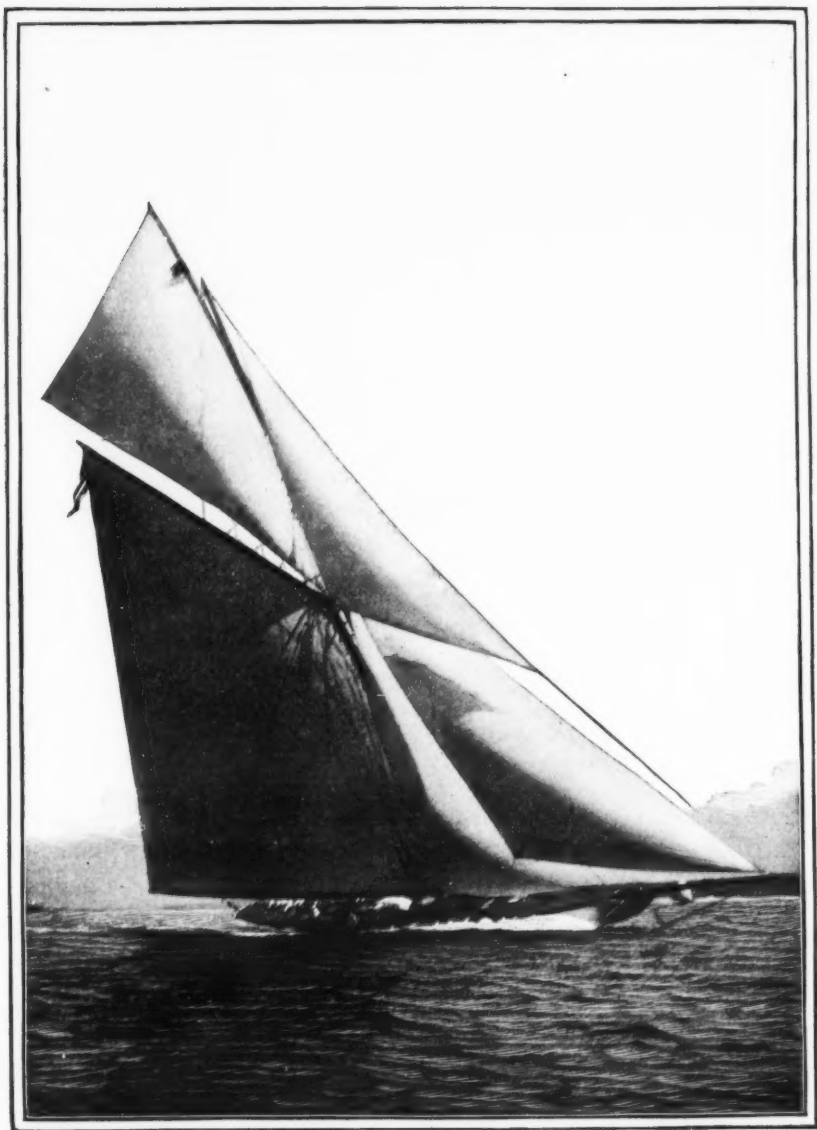


# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1899  
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The "Columbia."

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1899

No. 3

## WHAT HOPE FOR THE "SHAMROCK"

A Conversation with Sir Thomas J. Lipton

"I SHALL try very much to bring that Cup back with me! I shall have to work to do so. This contest for the America Cup is the sort of thing I like to engage in—where one must strain every muscle, every nerve to do the winning."

It was Sir Thomas J. Lipton who spoke. We were in the dining-room of his suburban house at New Southgate, near London.

"I should not care," he continued, "to engage in a contest that would be a walk-over for me. When I fight I want a foeman worthy of my steel. The Americans have the instincts of the true sportsman. To get the Cup away from them would be something for one to be proud of. That is a great yacht, the *Columbia*!"

"You mean the *Shamrock*—not the *Columbia*; do you not?" I interposed.

"No, I'm speaking of your American yacht, the *Columbia*, just now. I say she is a great yacht. She couldn't be otherwise, coming from such a designer as Herreshoff. There is no greater or more successful designer alive than Herreshoff. He is a great man, and America is properly proud of him. Now, if I, with the *Shamrock*, can win the Cup which is defended by a yacht designed by Herreshoff— Well, well, I shall ask no more. I shall be a happy man."

"And if you don't bring the Cup back—will you be utterly disconsolate?"

"Not exactly that, no! I shall have engaged in the biggest yacht race of the time, and I shall know something that I don't know now, and my mind will be relieved of the weight of a great problem that has been oppressing it for months—a problem that is now keeping me awake at night. Why, I've

fairly got insomnia over it! I don't think I could stand it much longer."

"What's the problem, Sir Thomas?"

"Just this. What is the name of the greatest yacht that was ever built? Isn't that trouble enough to keep a man in my position awake at nights? I say to myself, it is either named *Columbia* or *Shamrock*, but which, which, which?"

"But suppose the answer to your question should be *Columbia* would not that be even worse than this terrible suspense you speak of enduring now?"

"Well, you see, I shall have had the pleasure of pursuing the greatest yacht in the world and seeing her win just, just—oh, just by the smallest possible infinitesimal fraction of time! Why, you don't know the *Shamrock*! you haven't seen her! Such a beauty! And she was designed by Fife! Do you know what that means? It means that she *ought* to win! She *must* get that America Cup! Why, see here, your people have had it these many years, and it's getting monotonous. Naturally its defenders want to keep it there, but if we could get it back to England it would make future contests very much more exciting, and give such a fresh impetus to yacht racing the world over as would revolutionize the business of yacht building. There are not many designers of yachts at present, you know. There should be more. Great is the Clyde now, but greater still will it be when she has to turn out yachts every year, each one better than its predecessor, for the purpose of keeping the America Cup in British waters!"

"And talking about the Clyde," continued Sir Thomas, "reminds me how I used to love



*Photo Watery, Ltd., London.*

*Cyfarfwrdd  
Thomas Simon*



the Clyde when I was a boy. I didn't think then that I would ever have a yacht built there and sail her over to America to bring back a Cup. But I was a yachtsman, even in those old days! I used to sail small craft, not bigger than my hand, along the Clyde. Craft made of cork and sticks or anything that would float on the water. I was a poor boy, you know—very poor indeed, and I hadn't much time for pleasures. I used to earn something as an errand boy in a stationer's shop, and I'd save a penny at a time till I'd get a shilling, and then I'd take an hour off sometimes and get a shilling sail on one of the boats. My ambition in those days was to be a ship-captain."

"They say you ran away from home to sea when you were a boy, Sir Thomas?"

"Yes, went away to sea when I was fifteen. That was how I first got to America. Very different from this going over was that time! My people were poor, as I told you, and I thought it all over and decided as there was really not much chance for me in Glasgow, I'd go to the land of gold, America. There were the old folks to be thought of and cared for, but they didn't approve of my going away. I quietly made up my mind I could do better for them in America than in Scotland, so I slipped off to America to make my fortune. And what do you suppose was the fortune I aspired to? A barrel of American flour and an American rocking-chair for my mother! Two years later I went back to Glasgow with the barrel of flour and the rocking-chair fixed on the outside of a wagon where the neighbors would see them! I was a proud lad when my mother sat in that chair and told me it was comfortable!

"I returned again to America, and again, and on the third return to Scotland I took two hundred pounds with me and started with a little shop. But you know the rest, don't you? The business grew slowly and surely, but we won't talk about that. Let me show you over the grounds, and I want you to take a peep at the orchids of the Liptonia variety. Orchids are a hobby of mine."

From greenhouse to greenhouse we went, Sir Thomas explaining to me some of the mysteries of gardening. He pointed out to me the tea plants which he had brought from Ceylon, the leaves of which, he said, grew too big in his English hot-house.

"And here," he said, "are some shamrocks, or at least they have recently been sent to me for shamrocks, but they are not

the real Irish variety. The shamrock grows only to perfection on Irish soil. But I have some shamrocks potted and doing very well on the *Erin* and the yacht *Shamrock*. They have been sent to me as mascots by people who want me to bring back the America Cup. So, you see, my yacht will go to her victory or defeat properly decorated."

"What about other mascots? Have you got any real live ones, a dog, a goat, a guinea pig or anything of that sort. Are you one of those sailors who thoroughly believe in mascots?"

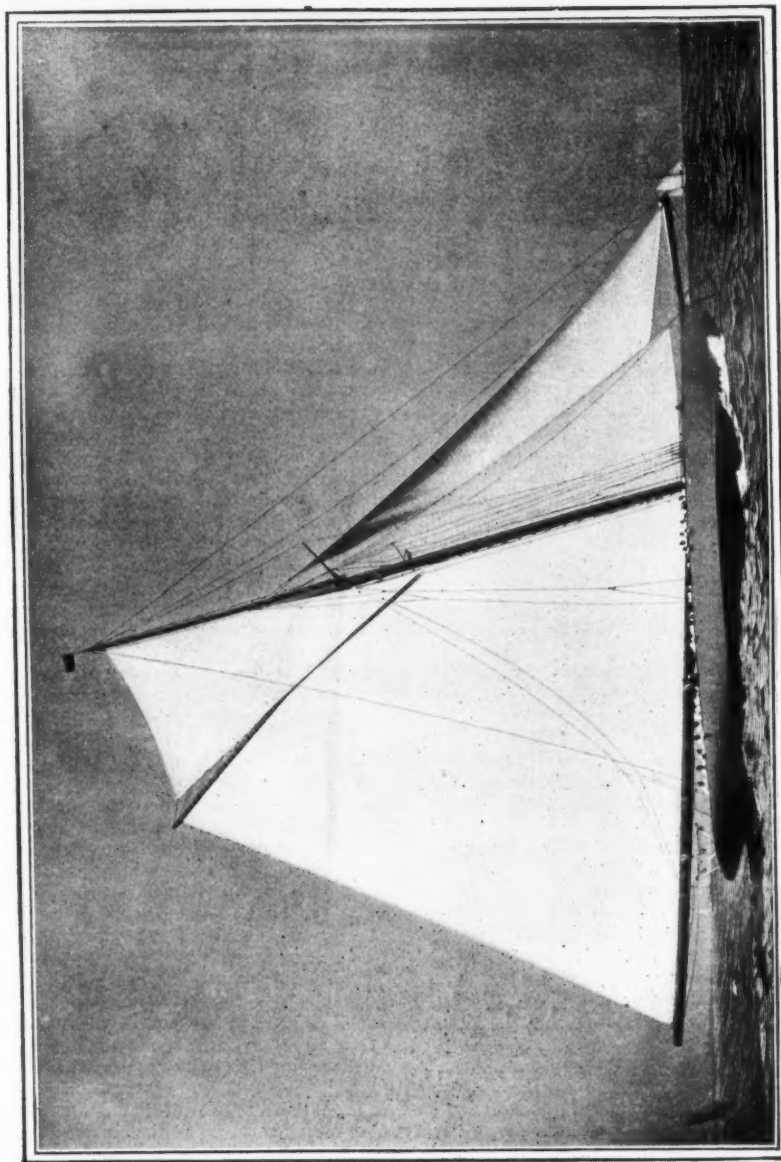
"Oh," returned my host, laughing, "we Irish have got the reputation for being superstitious, but we can't hold a candle to you Americans, and to satisfy you that I have done my best for my own boat, I suppose I shall have to start the race with a mascot, but just what, I don't know. Not that I haven't been well supplied! I have had enough things sent to me for placing on board the *Shamrock* to sink her several times. Letters come in by the dozens, many of them from Americans, offering me mascots. An American lady has just written me a letter asking me if I will accept her yellow dog to place on board the *Shamrock* when the race comes off. She says in her letter; 'He is just a common cur dog, known in this country as "yaller," but he is lucky, and if you put him on board you'll beat the *Columbia*.' Now, I'd like to know if that woman is a traitor to her country, wanting honestly to help me to win the race, or if she knows that dog to be a hoodoo bound to bring me bad luck!

"An English soldier has sent me a bit of leather which he asks me to place in the boot heel of the skipper, Captain Hogarth, when the race begins. He writes me that if I do this, the *Shamrock* will win, but if I don't, then bad luck to me."

"Do you think that the Americans have always won because they have always selected the right mascot?"

"The reason you've always won in these Cup contests is that you've always had the best boat, and the best boat has always won. Up to now our English yacht builders and yacht owners didn't pay enough attention to what was being done on the other side of the Atlantic. They sent inferior boats over to meet your superior ones, and what did they get for it? Not the Cup, anyway, did they?"

"And the *Shamrock*, Sir Thomas, tell me, do you believe she is really going to bring back the Cup? Have you got absolute con-



The "Shamrock."

Photo by West & Son, Southsea.

fidence in your star—the star of 'Lipton's Luck' which we hear so much about?"

"Lipton's luck, Lipton's luck," soliloquized Sir Thomas, half to himself. "There ought to be something in it, surely, for it has stood me in good stead these many years. I have tried to make the *Shamrock* the best boat afloat. I have spent four times as much money on her as was ever spent on a boat sent over after the Cup. I have manned her with the pick of British seamen, commanded by the pick of British skippers. I have tried to take everything into consideration—the weight she needs for crossing the Atlantic, the lightness she'll need when she gets over there, the kind of cloth that was best for her sails. I had it especially manufactured."

"This cloth, then, for instance, you think will be superior to that used on the *Columbia's* sails?" I asked.

"I didn't say so," Sir Thomas laughed, shaking his head, almost despairingly. "I wouldn't presume to say that I believed I had got hold of some cotton goods superior to what the Americans would find for their *Columbia*! Trust them to get the best of everything and to spare neither trouble nor expense! I have known with whom I have had to compete. It's to be a case of Greek meeting Greek, so look out for the tug of war, and what I say is that if 'Lipton's Luck' is going to fail him this time it will be because the Yankee luck deserves to continue. The best boat will win—of that I am confident."

"Do you go over with any fear of overcrowding by the excursion steamers?"

"Not at all. For my part, I don't believe the result of any of the races would have been different if there had not been an excursion steamer within fifty miles of the course. The excursion steamers can't hinder one boat more than another, anyway. By

the way, I see there are to be gunboats stationed to keep them from overcrowding the two yachts. Now, do you know, that is something that wouldn't be allowed over here! If the race were being run on this side, there would doubtless be plenty of excursion steamers, but no gunboats to keep them off. Of course, I understand the interest the race for the America Cup must excite among all classes of Americans, and you can't expect them to stay at home and not look on. It is as though the whole American people was racing against the whole British people, and the people want to be there to see. Your people seem to be very much attached to that Cup, and if we get it away, I have no doubt many of them will have sore hearts, but in that case they'll know the best boat has won, and they love good sport well enough to give up the spoils to the victor with a good grace. I'd rather race with Americans than with any other people in the world, and I'd rather get that Cup away from them than anything I know!

"I know America and Americans so well," continued Sir Thomas. "I probably know the country and the people better than many Americans, for I have traveled from one end of the land to the other. Lipton's luck first started for me, you know, in America. As I told you, on my first visit to that country over thirty years ago I didn't put up at the Waldorf or any place like that. The little lodging-house I patronized still stands, and when I am in New York I often go down and have a look at it. I am not much on ancient ruins and things of that sort, but I like to think over the old times and the old happenings connected with that little lodging-house. Most of all, I like to get away from everybody and everything out at sea on a yacht and have a good quiet time thinking among the sea breezes. There's nothing like it."



# THE PERSONAL SIDE OF SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON

By EDWARD A. SUMNER

FORTY-THREE years ago, an Irish boy in Glasgow faced the question of his future and the care of his dependent parents. For resources he had of money none, but he was full of courage, grit, will and a resolution that downed at nothing, with a power for work that knew no limit.

To-day the boy who slept under the counter of the little Scotch shop is the master of Osedge, the magnificent country seat near London, where he has entertained most of the peerage of England; controls and directs the greatest business of the Empire. He is looked to by his government to manage its most important commercial interests abroad. He is credited with one of the most successful flotations of finance, in an age when financial wonders are commonplace, and which in two days was twenty-five times oversubscribed by the investing public for over \$200,000,000. He has become world-famous for his princely charities. He has been knighted by the Queen. He is the challenger this year for the great trophy of the sea wrested away from his native land by America a half century ago, and comes to try to win it back with the superb racing machine, his "little *Shamrock*," the best that English brains and skill ever designed.

The story of the lamp of Aladdin is not more wonderful than the career of this man. And no career is more simply explained by the man who achieved it.

This is what he says about it:

"Energy, industry, good memory and equability of temper are essentials. Don't be discouraged; work hard; work honestly, and you are bound to succeed. To young men I would say that the moulding of their future lives is in their own hands. They often get opportunities for advancement but do not embrace them. If, however, they start with a definite object in view, determined to work hard, take an intelligent interest in their duties, make not too much of a bargain about long hours, and do to others as they would like to be done by, there is no

fear but they will succeed—they are bound to have success."

This is the simplest sort of good principle built sturdily on the Golden Rule itself, and faithfully abided by from the first heart-breaking struggle to the great crowning of all his successes.

And this is the reason why Sir Thomas Lipton is a man of so few mistakes.

Physically he is of the kind that men like and women admire. Over six feet in height, he is erect, lithe and stalwart, quick in movement, brim full of self-reliance, brisk and lively in manner, and with a ready smile and charm of manner that are never failing.

He has hosts of friends, a few intimates and no master. It is Lipton's hand upon the lever, and Lipton's alone. Many a time he has been importuned with co-partnership and associate business offers, bearing all the glitter of temptation, and has always steadily refused. Many a time in the earlier days was capital tendered for a loan, but he never went in debt no matter how imperative the need just then seemed to be. If loss came it was his alone, and also the product of his splendid pluck and ability was to be no man's but his.

Some years ago when all England seemed under the witching spell of her greatest and boldest and most brilliant schemer and speculator, he came to Thomas Lipton and said: "Here is my check to your order for two hundred thousand dollars. I want you for chairman of a new company to be launched next week."

"And I decline," said Sir Thomas.

The check was handed back across the table, personal chat was resumed, and the incident was closed. It never was reopened. Within six months the company, with its lordly directorate, had gone to destruction and the dazzling operator into bankruptcy.

Like every character worth the saving, his has come out of the crucible of struggle as gold from the furnace. It is with the genuine ring of the pure metal that the man

whose appointment on the morrow is with a minister of the realm to discuss the problems of the nation's commerce in some far-off colony of the sea, will chat with you, his friend, of the days when he started life as a stripling cabin boy on a coasting vessel, without a dollar in the world and faced with the imperative, and to him, the loving duty of supporting his parents.

At about fifteen the boy whose steam yacht *Erin*, fitted in royal magnificence, is to-day conveying his racer *Shamrock* across the Atlantic, emigrated to this country in the steerage of an old-fashioned liner, desperately poor and sick and friendless, seeking a fortune in a strange land.

Once landed the fight began.

First in New York, and then in the South, and then again in New York, always managing to send a little to the old people at home, until in poverty and privation and denial he had saved about five hundred dollars. With this he returned to his parents, whose necessities in growing age compelled his presence with them, and set up a little business in his native town of Glasgow. There he opened and swept his small store every morning with his own hands, served his customers throughout the day, put up the shutters at night, dressed the window for the following day, and slept under his counter.

Sir Thomas Lipton has put his whole soul into what his hands have found to do on this

earth. He handled the bit of a Glasgow shop with the same early and late devotion to and mastery of detail that characterize his business to-day in the four quarters of the globe. For the market boy of yesterday of a Scotland town has to-day reached out through all the Empire of Great Britain, into every country of Continental Europe, into China and Japan, to the ownership of the Ceylons, into Africa, the Republics of South America, the West Indies, the far

islands of the Eastern sea, and into our own United States, where his interests are second only to those of his own native land.

Sixty of his great stores are in London alone, with branches in every capital of Europe.

Fruit farms are in Kent.

Bakeries and biscuit works are in Glasgow.

Curing factories in London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

An enormous wholesale packing house and depot in Chicago, with its meat stores and refrigerating

cars all over America.

In Ceylon the greatest plantations in the world.

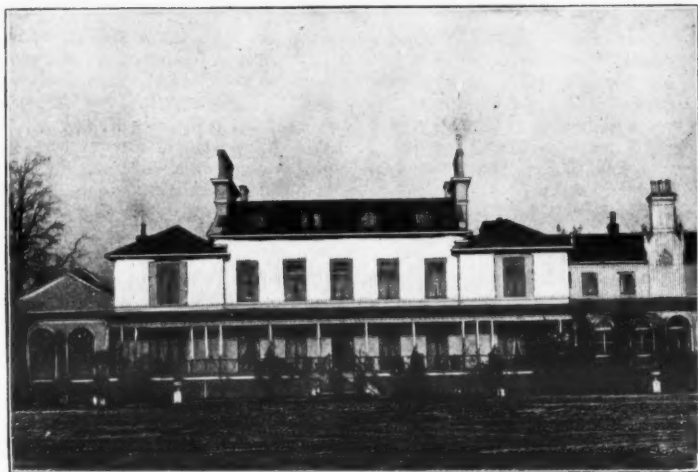
Every week a new "Lipton's Market" is somewhere opened.

Every week over two hundred tons of tea are sold.

Over five thousand principal agents, directly responsible to Sir Thomas, are scattered throughout the world representing him and superintending his establishments. City Road, London, is the nerve centre of



Sir Thomas J. Lipton at his Desk in the London Office.



"Osedge"—Sir Thomas J. Lipton's Country House at Southgate, near London.

this colossal system. At eight o'clock the master of all this, who still works fifteen hours of every working day, seats himself behind his thoroughbred American roadsters, at his home in Southgate, and at nine o'clock is at the desk in City Road headquarters. On the side arms and top of this desk are piled his personal correspondence; letters, telephone messages, telegrams, cablegrams from all over the world. With the quick movement so characteristic of him, Sir Thomas rolls away the desk top and begins to give you a few points. This office fixture is a remarkable affair, calculated to astonish even a world-trotting, inquisitive, inventive American. About every visible portion of its anatomy is covered with contrivances electrical, automatic, mechanical, for the use of its owner. On its broad surface of polished mahogany are innumerable buttons, numbered and lettered, the pressing of which seem to put him into literal touch with the uttermost parts of earth, sea and sky. While he explains and you gape at things seen and unseen about that desk, watch the movement of his hands upon it and stare at the long procession of heads of departments, and uniformed retainers, and belted and capped messenger boys, and strings of attendants garbed in all the bright colors of the Orient who come trooping at the touch of his fingers, you are treated to one of those sudden surprises, which your genial host is fond of perpetrating on unsuspecting travelers, but which always begins with a sus-

picious twinkle in his merry eyes, if you know where to look for it.

There is a slight movement of the foot underneath the desk. Outside the office a small gong growls. Forthwith enters and advances upon you a person big of shoulder and with a look of strict business in his face. But this one retires at a gesture from Sir Thomas, and you find yourself being quizzically laughed at by your fun-loving host.

"That is my crank gong, and 'the bouncer,' " he explains. "You said you wanted to know all about the desk."

Nobody could help joining in that kind of a laugh, but you conclude you have had enough of one piece of furniture, and your friend leads you through the rest of his wonderful establishment. Space forbids anything in detail of this bee-hive of human activity, and, in truth, one must see, to understand and appreciate, rather than read an attempted description of the whole. Everywhere and throughout are perfect system and clockwork regularity and contented workmanship. Over ten thousand employees are on the payrolls. Every one of them may have direct access to Sir Thomas. When England was some time ago shaken with labor troubles he remarked: "I never have had a strike and never shall have one. I make it my business to look after the interests of my men, and we live in peace and harmony."

This is the one surpassing reason why



"Lipton, Limited," has become what it is and pays Her Majesty's Government more money for duty than any other firm in the Empire. A single one of these duty checks is hanging in his office. It is drawn for fifty thousand five hundred and thirteen pounds sterling, eleven shillings, six pence, for a clearance of three million pounds of tea.

More than two hours of rapid walk are before you ere you have made the round of City Road. Here is the dispatch room with its five hundred clerks and typewriters. There, the weighing department, where six hundred girls weigh and packet tea. Here the mixing and blending rooms. Next, the cocoa annex, then in rapid succession the sweets and confection manufactory, the meat rooms, the smoking and curing departments, the printing shops, the box manufacturing rooms, and the vast establishment at Bermondsey where the famous fluid beef is made. And all this in London alone. And you come away tired with a feeling of the kaleidoscopic immensity of what you have seen.

At his own home, with the roar of the big town far away beyond the hills, you find Sir Thomas all that is gracious in a host. He is proud of the fact that he is an Irishman born and reared in Glasgow, Scotland. In

the great dining hall of his country seat at Osedge, Southgate, hang the portraits of his father and mother. He loves the memory of his parents with a simple, unaffected devotion, entirely characteristic of the man and true to the best family traditions of the race from which he springs. One needs only glance at the framed face of the sweet and noble-looking woman to understand how firm a believer the son is, that a man's best qualities come always from the mother, and what a pride is his, for her sake, that he has become one of the great powers in the commercial and industrial world of the British Empire.

To be entertained at Osedge as an American is a treat not to be forgotten. Your host is no stranger to our tastes, and he knows what Americans like. His stables hold a score of Kentucky thoroughbreds, and a pair of them, with his carriage, are before your hotel to take you out of London town and through miles of English hedge and meadow to Southgate. There is no posing for effect in the greeting that awaits you there. Nor are any flunkies visible. Sir Thomas himself, tall, quick of action, with just a delicious flavor of the brogue of the old sod itself on his tongue, and with a warm-hearted greeting that makes his beautiful home



Sir Thomas J. Lipton at Home.



all your own, is at the door to welcome you. The same delightful atmosphere makes fragrant the home itself. Your host is a bachelor, but you can't help anticipating how, if he ever marries, the mistress of that home will revel in it.

There are broad halls, and generous rooms and cozy nooks, and wide-open fireplaces, a library for the lovers of books, a lounging room, with a great back log, where the daintiest of English breakfasts are served, and from whose spacious windows your eyes may feast upon a scene of lawn and meadow and forest and rolling upland, hundreds

he was laughing good-naturedly at my American jaunting into British dreamland.

The lover of art and the curious finds a rich field, also, at Osedge. Sir Thomas has shown good taste and discrimination in selecting the art beauty of his home, and has hung the walls of his gallery richly with the best of the modern and many of the old masters of the English, Dutch, Flemish, Spanish and Italian schools. Teniers and Lely and Reynolds and Rubens and Murillo and Raphael are here. In the wide hallways hang horns from Africa, and bronzes from Japan, and strange carvings from India.



Sir Thomas J. Lipton Awheel.

upon hundreds of acres of Osedge, with that sweet and subtle charm of scenery which only an English landscape can give. Everywhere pervades that delicious restfulness that seems to be the peculiar heritage of the rural districts of the motherland. Your host throws wide the tall, swinging windows; the fire-log behind you crackles. You forget the splendid rush of New York and the dull roar of London town.

"Come, my Yankee friend, we mustn't ever let your new boat get as far ahead of 'dear little *Shamrock*' in the big races as you are far away from Osedge just now."

My host's hand was on my shoulder; and

Among the cabinet pictures are those of Canaletti and Constable, by Marcus Stone and Landseer and Cooper. From all over the world are curios collected by Sir Thomas himself fit to stir the soul of the antiquarian, and a wonderful gathering of potteries, vases and chinaware from every known and conceivable source that would keep the feminine heart in a flutter for many a long day. One room is given over wholly to his museum of Spanish-American war relics sent him by our gallant boys in blue on sea and land as some token of their appreciation of his great-hearted gift to our relief work for the sick and wounded. The whole combined

makes the most remarkable and unique collection that came out of that struggle. He shows it with pardonable pride, and blushes like a schoolboy as he takes you into the library again and puts you face to face with a superbly illuminated memorial bearing aloft the twined flags of America and England, encircled with the laurel wreath and backed with the burst of the rising sun, flanked above and below with the coats of arms of the two countries and with the lion and eagle. It is an exquisite thing, presented by a committee, with Senator Depew at its head, of members of the Empire State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, in loving remembrance of this same gift. Nothing that has come to this gallant-hearted Irishman has ever touched him more deeply, and I doubt if he prizes any one thing more highly among his possessions. He will give it the place of honor in the cabin of his magnificent steam yacht *Erin*.

The home charities of this man are so constant and so much a part of his daily business that very few of them ever see publicity. Two instances, however, became notable. The Lord Mayor of London and Lady Mayoress are among his long-time friends. Entertaining Sir Thomas one day the Lady Mayoress talked of the Princess of Wales' Jubilee Dinner Fund to feed the poor of London, and in which she was interested. Mention was made of its slow progress. He asked how much was needed to complete the subscription. He was told one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. He took out his check-book, wrote a check for the amount and handed it to the Lady Mayoress. Only after a half score of impostors had claimed the giving of this gift, was the incident just described published, and the name of the real donor made known. Over 360,000 of the starving poor of the metropolis of England had a meal through this generous deed, and Sir Thomas saw 310,000 of them eating it together.

He has always said that that one sight repaid him many times over.

Subsequently to the Alexandria Trust for supplying poor laboring men with cheap but substantial dinners he gave the princely sum of five hundred thousand dollars, and has pledged a like amount in addition should the charity require it. Such a donor has every right to be in favor with his native land and his Queen and all the royalty of her family.

Dinner at Osedge, like everything else there, is a matter of quiet elegance and thorough enjoyment. Afterwards your host

leads the way to his famous billiard room, loftily paneled in pitch pine, and with many a strange adornment and trophy of his travels. The billiard table with its ample proportions, after the English style, is at the centre. Nearby stands a Dervish war drum taken at Omdurman and presented with the compliments of General Kitchener. Covering a portion of the paneling is a huge lion skin from Africa. Curious chains cut from Cingalese wood swing in festoons from the beam work above. Ceylon chairs made from porcupine quills stand about the room. From the wall looks down the head of a big Indian elephant. Over all radiates a bright glow from the big, old-fashioned fireplace.

And now for a game of English billiards. Your host is an old pupil of the famous Roberts, and plays a stiff round. Justice Littler, Q. C., Chairman of the Middlesex County Sessions and County Council, and Dr. Armstrong, Sir Thomas' family physician, take a cue and the fun begins.

No description of Osedge is complete without mentioning Martha. He is a pure, full-blooded Cingalese brought by Sir Thomas from the spicy islands of Ceylon. He is devotion itself to the genial lord of the manor. His smile shows perfect teeth. Jet black hair tumbles over his forehead and big, lustrous eyes. With his loose suit of dark red and his laughing answer of "Yes, marse," to every nod and beck of Sir Thomas, he makes a picture not soon to be forgotten.

And now Sir Thomas spreads wide on the table the plans of his new steam yacht, the stately and superb *Erin*, and tells of her beauties with all the enthusiasm of a school boy. She is the biggest register of her kind in all the United Kingdom, and fit in every detail of her appointments for the triumphal trip of a monarch. She convoys *Shamrock* across the sea, towing her in calm spells, for which permission has been graciously accorded by the New York Yacht Club. The whole attitude of Sir Thomas in challenging for the Cup and in preparing for the great struggle is characteristically modest, thorough and sportsmanlike. Instead of long and wrangling letter writing he sent his representatives personally, challenged unconditionally, and settled the matter with the New York Yacht Club Committee in a final meeting of half an hour.

Some things about *Shamrock* are not yet to be written; but two things concerning her and the contest she is about entering with our own incomparable *Columbia* should

be understood. No challenger ever before understood and respected his adversary as Sir Thomas does America. No one on either side of the Atlantic knows better than he that America will fight, as she always has magnificently, to keep the Cup and hold fast the blue ribbon of the sea. Again, no challenging yacht ever built in England has been built with a tithe of the brains and skill and money, without limit, that *Shamrock* has. The best in design and construction that the United Kingdom could afford has been lavished upon her. Her skippers and crew are the pick of the Empire, and they will be trained to the hour as no English racing crew ever was before. The struggle will be close and keen to the finish, and will not be over until the last race called for by the series has been sailed to the end. Nor will there be a single disquieting thing to mar its perfect success. Sir Thomas Lip-ton will receive fair treatment at the hands of the American people who already know him for a noble-hearted gentleman. Come what else may, he will prove himself a thorough sportsman, a game and generous fighter, and a foe we shall delight to honor.

On the rare days when Sir Thomas permits

himself a snatch of rest you see him out of doors at Osedge at his best. Then with him you must go through his great conservatories which contain one of the finest and rarest collection of orchids in all England. Here are his stables, where he is proud of his Kentucky horses and American carriages, his golf links laid out by his friend the Judge Advocate of Scotland.

"And do you wonder I love my pretty little Osedge," he said, looking from his pine grove in front upon its old colonial lines and its broad verandas like those of some old Southern home in the days before the war, gracious with hospitality itself, "and that every night I drive out to it from my town office for its peaceful rest."

Nearby a grand old cedar of Lebanon majestically swayed its branches and made music to the little winds that came up from the valley. Meanwhile in nature's perfect harmony arose from everywhere about the sweet influences of lawn and meadow, of hedge and hill and dale, of woodland and far-stretching country-side beyond. No wonder that its master loves and cares for it all, and that every day it repays him a renewal of his youth.

## DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR

(Ebas-relief by D. C. French.)

BY BURGES JOHNSON

"Rest a while, thou sturdy worker,"

And the weary one obeyed,  
While his mallet fell beside him  
And his upraised arm was stayed,  
And his eyes were full of wonder,  
Naught of terror or alarm,  
As he saw the angel near him—  
Felt her touch upon his arm.

"Rest a while, thou sturdy worker,  
Lo! thy toil to-day is done."

And the artist turned in wonder  
From the task but scarce begun;  
For his soul was in his labor—  
In his eyes a question lay,  
Yet the eyes of Death were kindly,  
As he laid the tools away.

"Rest a while, thou sturdy worker,"

And the question he would ask,  
In her eyes has found an answer—  
We but see the half-done task.  
And our grieving hearts grow bitter,  
Left to battle on alone,  
Measuring a Father's wisdom  
With the measure of our own.

# SCULPTURE IN AMERICA

By J. Q. A. WARD

PRESIDENT AMERICAN SCULPTURE SOCIETY

I THINK nearly every one in America has some idea of the value of art. I believe that our people are naturally more artistic than any other branch of the so-called Anglo-Saxon or North people. They have a native skill and certain other qualities essential to the make-up of either a sculptor or a painter. They have vigorous thought, wholesome sentiment, and good imaginative or inventive qualities. Given such conditions, there is no reason why sculpture should not flourish in our land.

The actual progress of sculpture in this country has been most remarkable. It is not so much what we have already achieved, as what is underneath. Seed sown years ago is beginning to sprout. Some taste is being exercised in the erection of public monuments in our cities. For the first time in our history we have completed a public building decorated in a worthy and comprehensive style. I refer to the National Library in Washington. We have an art committee in New York City which does much toward preventing the erection of statuary unworthy the dignity of our intellectual standard. Best of all, we have art societies powerful enough to arouse public interest, and to give any meritorious work of art good standing by a mere word of approval; and, lastly, there is much encouragement in noting the funds for the maintenance of art scholarships that are springing up throughout the country. The Reinhardt Fund, of Baltimore, now amounts to \$110,000, and out of the income two or three art students are maintained abroad. Then we have here the Lazarus Fund, which amounts to \$25,000 or \$30,000, for painters. Also the Carnegie Art Gallery at Pittsburgh has added new dignity to the cause in this country.

The practical good accomplished by art is that it tends to the spiritual elevation and ennobling of our people. The higher the art the better will be the effect on the masses. No one doubts, for instance, that

good books help to make in a nation better men and better women. It may be said, in fact, that a nation eventually becomes like that which it admires. Sculpture, if rightly put forward, will win admiration as readily as literature. It is only a different form of expressing the same ideas that are set forth by printed characters.

For example, a boy reading in his textbook of heroic and noble characters naturally feels a desire to emulate them. The legend of "The Great Stone Face" is no idle fancy. So, when the aim of art is to create something that will arouse in the human breast a feeling of emulation, it is doing well by all boys and all men. If it does no more than hew out fine examples of human physique, it will do much toward making posterity stronger physically, because, as I have said, the human being is naturally imitative. Twenty-five or thirty years ago it was considered vulgar and coarse to be strong-limbed, big and robust. Our heroines in fiction, and in life, were delicate, white-skinned and blue-veined. It was fashionably felt that this was the proper way to be. I remember a conversation I overheard about that time between two young women. One, only a short time before, had become the mother of a beautiful boy, a perfect cherub, big, magnificently developed. Her visitor wound up a discussion of the subject of stout children by saying, 'How gross!' They both agreed.

Pale, delicate children were fashionable then. We were a thin, meager, hatchet-faced people. Then began the annual visit of the well-to-do to England. They went over there in swarms which have been growing larger every year. They saw the young men and women of the English nobility rowing, riding after the hounds, playing football and cricket, and going in for all sorts of out-door sports. They came back, and the same kind of recreations were introduced here. The result is to be seen on every hand in the most wonderful physical improve-

ment. Our football playing, our riding and rowing have made of us a new people. We have young giants the country over.

Perhaps you do not see what connection this has with art. You will, though, when I tell you that in all the land there was not one sculptured example expressive of the beauty of being strong. To realize the glory of it, these curious parents must needs go to England. I venture to say that a land properly adorned with ideal sculptured figures would have answered their purpose as well. So it will be when art becomes generally understood. The fine figure which it presents as the ideal will preserve the tradition for us that our bodies should be like them. They will keep alive the spirit of emulation.

We have as yet no distinctive American school of art in either sculpture or painting. It takes centuries to form a distinct school. We are beginners. Our young American sculptors learn more quickly than those of any other nationality, but they do not accomplish so much in the end. I think they often become slaves to technique, and that naturally militates against originality. Technique should be mastered in the apprenticeship. It is absolutely necessary; but when the apprenticeship is finished it should become a matter of second nature. Then again, our young men who come home fresh from the French masters feel trammelled, and deplore the limited field in which they are placed by the want of broadened art tastes and sympathies. But they are doing good work educating and lifting the people to a higher atmosphere and forming a school unconsciously.

What are the evidences?

Well, for one thing, the fact that American sculptors reside at home. Half a century ago they lived in Italy, and fifteen years ago they lived in Paris. To-day nearly all live in New York City, and only visit Europe. This is a curious change, but it is a most hopeful one.

The secret of it is a better understanding, by Americans in general, of what constitutes art. Half a century ago the American visitors to Italy had a reputation for an interest in ideal sculpture that delighted the statuary shopkeepers of Rome, Florence and Milan. Indeed, it made rich the American sculptors then resident in those cities. Every good American visiting Italy at that time returned home with cargoes of statuary, besides marble busts of himself, wife, and eldest daughter.

It is needless to say that it was not all good art. Yet it was a common remark of the Italians that no strangers visiting Italy ordered so many marble portraits as the Americans.

We had, at that time, quite a long list of American sculptors working in Italy. They were not great sculptors. Indeed, many were not even good sculptors. They were mere reflections of Italian masters, and they were patronized because the Americans knew nothing about art and were deluded by the atmosphere in which they worked, and by some critical say-so. There was no public demand for them at home. American cities were not erecting monuments. People gave the subject of architectural decoration and out-of-door memorials scarcely any thought. So there was no danger of them coming home, and as long as they did not live here they could not do any ideal work which would reflect the atmosphere of this new world.

In the course of time came the ascendancy of Paris as a visiting point for Americans, and, naturally, the art circles there became predominant in our western eyes. Scores and scores of American art students flocked to Paris, and flitted about its schools. To the observant that was a sign of an awakening at home, though only of a desire to be, and not indicative of any achievement. It was some time before we had any distinguished sculptors in Paris, and more before we had a school there. The time when we were to have a capable school at home was farthest off of all.

The change that made for a home school of American sculptors came with the war of the Rebellion. Before that war our people had erected only a few statues of the statesmen and warriors of the Revolution. After it, the galaxy of new heroes enlisted their sympathies and awakened a longing for representations of them. The home sculptors of the day were called upon. Every proficient stone carver could get some statue or other to do. The disposition to perpetuate individuals in bronze and stone became almost foolish. Hundreds of the so-called soldiers' monuments were scattered over the country. No respectable or ambitious city or town was complete without one. It had one just as it had a water-works and a street car line. It was up to date to do so.

This call for memorials, while so bad in one way, was good in another. It was profitable for the good sculptor, even if it was for the bad one. It made American sculp-

tors possible. But it did another thing. It made them take a leaning toward portrait sculpture, to the utter neglect of the ideal. How serious this has been for us, few people suspect.

Before the war what American sculpture there was, was ideal in character. There were Indians and hunters, and so on, in great abundance. But with the outbreak of the war all this kind of statuary was thrown away or stowed in lumber rooms. The national spirit was wrought into a great pitch. Everybody and everything was patriotic. All attention was fastened upon the front of war. The nation's heroes filled the nation's eye. Of course this intense national feeling manifested itself in sculpture, as it did in literature and other forms of art. The people had no farther regard for Indians and hunters. These made way for statuary which satisfied the emotions of patriotism. Before the war they were satisfied with one or two heroic statues of Washington or Lafayette. But afterward there were a hundred figures for the sculptor to mould or carve. This feeling did not subside with the close of the war, but ran on and is still regnant. Before the recent Spanish war it had turned more to statesmen, although there was still a demand for heroes. I was afraid that war would arouse a new demand for heroes, but fortunately it did not. The drift is in a better direction.

Yet the desire of every artist is to do ideal work. It gives so much more latitude. There need be no striving after facial or figure resemblances. Still, what call there has been for portrait work after the war, has made our sculpture distinctively American. It has done away with the old false and feeble carvings. We shall probably return more or less to idealizing. I use the term for the want of a better one to denote that class of work not strictly portraiture. I can feel the growth of artistic spirit and sentiment in our American life. There is much hope here for art. We are young and crude in artistic taste compared to France and Italy, but we are growing steadily.

Up to within very recent years the American sculptor stood a better chance of gaining recognition and reward in Paris than he did in New York. With the growth of our cities, however, and the desire for heroic effigies which the Civil War awakened, sculpturing at home became profitable. It was not ideal sculpturing, as I have pointed out, but it was profitable. In a little while

it became decidedly so. Men made as much and even more money here than they could abroad and escaped, besides, that expatriation which to some, I am glad to say, is still obnoxious. Our sculptors in Paris began to hear of this. They began to hear of men who had never gone to France, but had remained American to the core, who were, nevertheless, doing good work and attaining to distinction. If they were not doing just as well as they fancied they ought to in Paris, what wonder that they turned with longing eyes toward New York. And it was not long indeed before they began returning, and finally they were nearly all here, and so ended the Paris-American "school."

It has no distinct features private to itself alone, because distinct features in sculpture only spring up when the nation to which it belongs is distinct, and has many characteristics. Indeed, when you come right down to it, it is a pretty difficult matter to define just exactly what we mean by a school of art. It is not the subjects we treat, but the manner of treating them. The Greeks treated very many of the same subjects that are treated by modern Frenchmen, but their method was entirely different in this, that they brought out in their subjects the phases which were peculiar in their own national characteristics.

But while we cannot perhaps credit an American body of sculptors with the characteristics of a school, we can point out that we are creating a distinct art atmosphere which will no doubt produce a school. Schools for drawing and modeling are already established in every principal city in the United States. Hundreds of students from every section of the land flock to these schools to learn the first principles of sculpture. Of course the fate of these is truthfully illustrated in the parable of the sowers. So much for the proclivity. Those who hope for a future for American sculptors are engaged in considering the process of refining this crude talent. The thoughtful sculptors of to-day are striving to do this by personal supervision of the modeling schools, by the organization of art societies, by advising with promoters of art work, with national and municipal authorities, and every one who has it in his power to advance the cause of sculpture.

The result of this effort has been very encouraging, notwithstanding the conditions in which we exist. There has been already created in our country an artistic moral force that promises well for the improve-



ment of art. All that is needed now is that those in authority in public places should realize that those artists who have given careful and competent study to the conditions of our cities are the ones to advise with concerning whatever relates to the art development and decoration of those cities.

In most cities the multiplication of public statues has reached the stage when the necessity for wholesome discrimination is most apparent, and yet nothing is doing. We have now art organizations fully able to give the best expert judgment on questions of art. And their judgment is not open to the same objection which might be brought against that of any individual artist. Yet knowing this, much crude work in all our cities is permitted to be placed because of official indifference. As a consequence of this state of affairs, the canons of art and of good taste are repeatedly violated. Our parks and public squares contain statues which are not in keeping with their surroundings. The critical eye is offended by a lack of proportion and harmony. If the work is a meritorious one its unskilful and inartistic setting mars the effect which, in a more favorable situation, it would produce. It becomes an instance of the right thing in the wrong place.

The effect of the absence of any comprehensive plan is further shown in the selection of subjects. There are but few sites in New York adapted for statues.

Under a properly constituted administration, the most eligible of them would be reserved for the commemoration of personages and events pre-eminently entitled to distinction. It should be that our public statues should aim not only at cultivating the taste of the community, but to keep before it inspiring and instructive figures out of history. That is their main significance to the mass of the people. There is, in so much, connection between the cause of art and the cause of popular education.

Yet the work of erecting public statues in our American cities is notably marked by the absence of any system. It is spasmodic and irregular. It is inspired not so much by a sense of the cities' art needs as by the desire of some person or society to commemorate a particular event or honor the memory of some individual. There is no recognized authority consulted, no professional tribunal, barring the Sculpture Society which seems to influence New York City alone, which is referred to for suggestion or direction. Nor are there any traditions here, such as we find in European capitals, wisely to guide it.

But I am not a pessimist. Time will supply a remedy for these shortcomings. The education of a people without art traditions must necessarily be slow. Even now, however, a public taste has been formed, which is working a complete revolution in present methods. It is sure to bring about the establishment of a system conducted according to the highest and most approved standard.

## IF LOVE WERE SLAIN

By LILLIAN H. SHUEY

If time should ever be when love is not,  
 My heart would ne'er cease seemingly to beat,  
 Nor would my pale cheeks flame and burn so hot,  
 When you pass heedless in the dark'ning street;  
 Nor would my heart such lawless throbs repeat  
 When chance betrays us to a meeting spot,  
 Or steps like yours approach but to retreat.  
 Were love no more, what peace Fate would allot!  
 How free could I fare forth! Forgetting, dear,  
 Those wondrous dreams of love enriching me,  
 The far-off envied Heaven that came so near.  
 If love were dead, if that strange time should be—  
 How vain! A step, and like the swift, sweet morn,  
 Love at your coming would be newly born!



# BURIED ALIVE

By E. W. HORNUNG

Author of "Young Blood," "The Amateur Cracksmen."

HIS Excellency the governor had done a very foolish thing. Charmed with his colony, he had ventured up country incognito, to see a certain small station there for sale, and said to be the very thing for an English nobleman desiring a safe investment and occasional sanctuary in the Australian bush. Considering the matter for a single instant, to say nothing of going into it to this extent, was not, however, the height of the governor's folly. This was reached when his Excellency bought one of the station horses instead of the station itself (which duly disappointed him), and insisted on riding unattended back to town.

To be sure, the distance was not much more than one hundred miles, and the governor was an old cavalry officer, who, even in Australia, had nothing to learn about horses. But he had everything to learn about the bush, and an innate spirit of adventure scarcely stood him in stead of the specific knowledge only to be bought by specific experience.

For the greater part of the first day, however, things went wonderfully well with the distinguished horseman. He flatly refused to be escorted beyond the station boundary, where he shook hands with his late host, who alone knew the secret of his identity, and who had provided him with letters of introduction in which that secret was not betrayed.

It was then ten o'clock, and a glaring morning in early February; but there was little glare among the pungent, dark-hued gum trees that overgrew the ranges, as the boulders that strewed them were overgrown with moss; and my Lord Hartley grinned a guilty grin of boyish satisfaction as he puffed his short pipe in his second-hand colonial saddle, and let his unclipped, long-tailed nag pick its own way down the primitive mountain path.

Two hours later Lord Hartley met with his first adventure. He had come without mishap to the so-called township where he

had to have his lunch, and had taken with the landlord the tone which he was accustomed to employ toward people of that kind. It was not a bullying tone, but it was curt and decisive, it brooked not argument or delay, and in this case it caused the governor of a colony to take off his coat and fight one of its meanest publicans before he could obtain a bite for man or beast. In due course both proceeded on their way, the rider with a cut lip and broken knuckles, watched out of sight by a landlord who had received a sovereign for a half-crown's fare, and a sound thrashing for his independence.

This spoilt his Excellency's day. His triumph afforded him no sort of satisfaction; on the contrary, it left him with an uncomfortable feeling that he was not playing the game. If he traveled incognito he had obviously no right to expect special consideration by the way; nor had he consciously expected anything of the kind. He had merely spoken as he was in the habit of speaking—that was his first and last mistake. To "hide" the person who instantly offered to "hide" him was a necessary consequence of that initial blunder.

Lord Hartley blamed himself, however, and conned his lesson as he rode on. No need to explain that this was a pretty new governor; an older hand had not embarked on such an escapade. Lord Hartley began to feel that he had learnt more of the colonial character already that day than in all the months he had been installed at Government House.

And now he was beginning to learn something of the bush. A bush "road," he discovered, was seldom more than a mere track, and often as not the track was invisible to untrained eyes. At first he left it to his new bush horse, but as the animal got beyond his bearings, and itself diverged more than once, his Excellency was reduced to dismounting and examining the ground with his eye-glass. And he asked his way of all and sundry, thus accumulating a variety of di-

rections to choose from at every turn. Worst of all, his horse disappointed him; he had bought it fat off the grass; it proved too soft for the distance and his weight, and weakened perceptibly as the afternoon advanced.

The entire day's journey had been estimated at something over thirty miles, and for some time Lord Hartley had felt convinced that he must have covered the distance and more. It was true that the pace had seldom exceeded an amble, yet the rider received a shock when he calculated that he had been eight good hours in the saddle; according to his last informant, he was still half a dozen miles from his destination for the night. Of course he had been grossly misled first or last; either the thirty miles was nearer fifty, or he had long since been thrown off his course. It was too late, however, for harking back; already the sun was down behind the trees; the only plan was to push on and ask more questions than ever, in the hope of getting an honest answer in the end.

The last question which Lord Hartley asked brought the goal three miles nearer at a bound, and so delighted his lordship

that he presented his informant with five shillings. The end of his troubles seemed at hand. He had simply to turn up a lane and go through the slip rails at the end, where he would find a track leading straight to the station at which he was to spend the night.

His Excellency looked at the sun, and used his spurs for the first time for some hours; there was no sun to look at when he reached the lane at a labored canter; and it proved impossible to canter in the lane itself, which was heavy with rank grass, and very long indeed. When at last it terminated in the promised slip rails it was too dark to see much track beyond; unfortunately Lord Hartley imagined he could see one far ahead, and, remounting after he had replaced the rails, urged his tired beast to a last effort which placed him finally out of sight of all human landmarks. What he had taken for a track proved to be a narrow water hole; track there was none, thence or thither, though his lordship dismounted again and wasted all his matches in the search. He could not even tell which way he had come, so dark was the night, so unimpressible the tough grass, so like one another the everlasting gums.

It must have been a couple of hours later when Lord Hartley saw the light. It took him the best part of another hour to reach it in a bee-line. And this was the most interesting period of all the vice-regal misadventures. His lordship had been leading his horse, but now he remounted, set his teeth on an oath and his eyeglass on the light, and thence forward veered not to the right nor to the left. He rode through a lagoon of unknown depth. He dragged his horse over a wire fence. He opened a gate and pulled up in a pack of barking dogs. The light still shone in the window of a low building; now it glimmered also in an open door-way, and a man advanced, quelling the dogs.

"Is this the station?" inquired Lord Hartley.

"What station?"

"Kilmarnock."

"Not it!"

Lord Hartley sat motionless in his saddle.

"I suppose there is such a place as Kilmarnock Station?"

"There is."



"His Excellency was reduced to dismounting and examining the ground with his eye-glass."



"You see, I know something about the family," the selector went on."

"You really know of its existence, eh?"

"I do."

"That's something! Is it far away?"

"Thirteen or fourteen miles."

Lord Hartley gave it up; three or four miles would have been beyond his horse; besides, he was himself tired out.

"And what's the name of this station?" he asked.

"It isn't a station; it's a selection."

"My luck is out," sighed Lord Hartley. "I have a letter of introduction to the people at Kilmarnock, and I was going to propose that I should deliver it to you instead."

"Keep it in your pocket," said the selector. "You talk like a blessed new chum! I suppose you're too fine for mutton and damper and a blanket on the floor? If not, jump down and hang the introduction!"

So the governor of that colony added a little more to his new knowledge of the colonial character, and with the knowledge came its complement of wisdom, which permitted his Excellency to accept this uncouth invitation in the tone and spirit in which it had been given. Lord Hartley could be hail-fellow himself when he forgot his dignity, and he made a successful effort to forget it now. Before his steed was in the stable, he and the selector were good friends; an hour later they lit their pipes with the same fag-

got, while the selector's wife removed the remnants of a satisfying supper, and forthwith dutifully disappeared.

Lord Hartley pulled off his long boots, stretched his silk socks to the fire, and lay back in the worn arm-chair with feelings in which he had scarcely hoped to indulge that day. He could congratulate himself on his enterprise, after all. It was proving richer in valuable experience than he had dared to hope. The very vicissitudes were so much practical experience in a school through which all colonial governors ought to go; moreover, they would tell very well at Government House, when it was all over; and the fight at the wayside inn—even it might leak out and be handed down, when it could scarcely redound to the discredit of the victor.

This selector, too, with his fine upstanding figure, his rough-and-ready tongue, and his few hundred acres under strenuous cultivation, was a distinct type, and one to be himself strenuously cultivated by any governor desirous of attaining direct insight into the real life of his colony. So for the last hour Lord Hartley had asked a question whenever his mouth was empty, and carefully attended to the answer during the process of mastication. Now he was less acquisitive but more observant. Reveling in his ease and

his fatigue, he began to take note of an interior as obviously typical as the selector himself, and was most struck by a log chimney, the hammerless gun over the rude chimney piece, the plated spurs hanging from a rusty nail. What he could not note, since it hung behind him, was his own portrait in the centre of a calendar of vast proportions. He was, therefore, much startled when his attention was called to it, not indeed without preamble, but with a preamble that was worse than none.

"Are you often mistaken for the governor?"

The selector spoke out of a brown study, and in a quieter voice than seemed to be his wont; but the guilty guest started as though he had been stung.

"What governor?" he queried, to gain time.

"The new governor of this colony—the Earl of Hartley."

"Lord Hartley," said that nobleman, involuntarily (the selector blew at his pipe to hide a smile); "he's not an earl. Yes—aw—to be sure—now you speak of it! We are said to be something like each other. Why do you ask?"

"Turn round and you'll see."

Lord Hartley was only too thankful to do so, and to study his own countenance at some length, while he recovered his composure (and the selector indulged in an open grin). The portrait made him younger than he was, and it omitted the gray stubble which he had purposely grown on this surreptitious jaunt. On the whole, he was surprised that the selector had seen a likeness which he felt sure was not strong enough to convict him unless he chose to confess. And he did not see why he should confess. It was not a very large matter, but he felt inclined to preserve his incognito as long as possible, and the selector's next words both reassured him and decided him on the point.

"He ought to make a good governor," said he. "I was glad when I heard a Hartley had got the billet."

"Indeed?" said his Excellency, pricking up his ears as he resumed his seat. It was the only word he permitted himself, and he was afraid to throw too much curiosity into his tone, nor was it necessary.

"You see, I know something about the family," the selector went on, of his own accord. "That's why I've got him stuck up there."

"You know something about the family?" Lord Hartley at length ventured to repeat.

"Yes. I come from the old country myself. I was born and bred on the Hartley estate."

"May I——" and his Excellency just prevented himself from inquiring the selector's name. "So you think well of the family?" he queried instead.

"I do; there's only been one black sheep in it in my time, if not in all time."

A shade fell across the governor's face, a shade which he was quick (but not quick enough) to quench.

"So there has been a black sheep, has there?" he forced himself to remark.

"One of the worst."

"Not the governor, I hope?" said his crafty Excellency, wincing none the less. The other watched him out of narrow eyes.

"No, not his lordship," he said, "or I shouldn't have been glad he'd got the billet, should I?"

Lord Hartley scarcely heeded his slip; curiosity had taken the lead in his emotions. He was running over the tenantry at home—the list was not very long—and trying to recall those who had emigrated in his time. This man must be about his own age, yet he had no recollection of him, though he was a more striking figure than Lord Hartley had realized while his interest in the selector was still impersonal. He had the beak of an eagle and eagle eye, eyebrows like mustaches, and a magnificent beard; twenty years hence he would be the ideal patriarch; twenty years since he must have been a singularly handsome young fellow; and yet Lord Hartley was quite unable to recall him. Not that he was given much time to try, for the selector resumed not only the conversation, but the topic which was painful to his guest.

"No, not his lordship," he repeated; "but his elder brother; the one that would have been his lordship if he'd lived. A jolly good job he didn't! He disgraced the name enough as it was. He'd have been in prison if he hadn't fled the country and cut his throat. Cutting his throat was the one good thing Dishonorable Robert ever did!"

Lord Hartley picked nervously at his nails; his feet shifted; it was all that he could do to sit still. He veiled his emotion by frowning at his fingers. And he little dreamt how the eagle eyes opposite seized every symptom of his suffering.

"I remember hearing that it happened in America," remarked his lordship, with all the indifference it was in his power to assume.



"As she stood and listened, her alarm returned twofold."

"It did," said the selector. "I was in the states at the time."

"See anything of him over there?" And, despite every effort, there was an eager catch in the callous voice.

The eagle eyes lit up.

"See anything of him? Only too much, there and in the old country, too. Nobody knows how much I was mixed up with Mr. Robert all his life, and nobody but myself knows what an unmitigated blackguard he was!"

Lord Hartley could bear it no more; white and trembling, he sprang to his feet.

"You are wrong!" he cried, hoarsely. "Blackguard he may have been, unmitigated blackguard he was not. I know—better than you. He was my brother!"

The selector started forward in his chair, his fingers twitching on the arms.

"And you own him?" he whispered. "You stick up for him?"

"Didn't I tell you he was my brother? No man ever had a better; he had more temptations than I had, that was all. So now the cat's out of the bag," added Lord Hartley, with a grim chuckle, and he had another look at the portrait on the calendar.

"And you let it out to stick up for your brother!" the selector whispered. His voice might have made the other turn, but it did not until it was followed by unsteady steps

and the sudden opening of the door. Then Lord Hartley looked round—and found himself alone. And the voice came back to him—and the truth came home.

He rushed out; and in the light from the window, the light that had led Lord Hartley across cruel country from afar, the selector leaned against an unbarked veranda post, with the tears rolling down his cheeks and glistening even in his beard.

"Bob!"

"Hush! I'm not Bob now."

"You never did it after all!"

"I thought I'd done as good. I never dreamt of your coming out. Even then—you'd have said there was room for us both?"

"It was not to be, Bob; it was not to be."

"But it is to be. I'm dead and buried in the bush. And you stuck up for me—after all these years!"

Tear after tear sprang to his eyes and rolled down unchecked, for both his hands were grasped beyond release, and so for a long time stood the brothers, in the faint light of the single little flame that had brought them together. But the older head drooped and drooped, and the younger face grew hard and twisted with perplexity. And the younger eyes remained dry.

About midnight the wife awoke and missed

not only her mate but the hum of conversation which had lulled her to sleep. She sat up. The homestead was like a grave. She slipped out of bed, but hesitated at the door. She had a good husband, and yet she stood terribly in awe of him. His essential superiority, combined with the mystery of that past of which he would tell her nothing, created in the poor woman a humility of which all his kindness could not cure her. She was ever fearful of offending him, though nobody was slower to take offense. So she stood some minutes at the door before venturing to open it half an inch. The outer room was empty. The lamp was still burning on the table. The outer door stood wide open to the night.

She was a nervous woman, an easy victim to all kinds of fears, and the first sound of the voices outside came to her as a relief; but as she stood and listened, her alarm returned twofold. The voices were raised, and raised in anger—the voices of her husband and the stranger whom he had taken in.

She flew across the room to the open door; they were pacing side by side under the stars, at some little distance from the house, and she could only catch a word here and there. "Obstinate," and "idiotic" were two that fell from her husband. "My mind is made up" and "it's my duty," were the only whole sentences that she could swear to. Both fell from the stranger, and he repeated both many times. But in the end her husband spoke loud enough.

"Very well!" he said; "have your way. I'll be ready to start in ten minutes!"

"What, in the dead of night?"

"Yes, now—or not at all."

"But this is flying to the other extreme!"

"It's you who go to extremes. Since your mind is made up, you shall lose no time through me."

In less than the ten minutes the selector came in for his spurs. He could not find them; yet he was almost certain he had hung them on their nail in the evening. He pulled off his boots to have a look in the bed-room. And there was his wife sitting up in bed, with the missing spurs before her on the quilt.

"Where are you going at this hour of the night?"

"How did you know I was going anywhere?"

"I heard you say so."

"You've been listening to us!"

Never had he spoken to her in such a

voice. His left hand gripped her shoulder, his right thrust the candle close to her face. It was his first rough act toward her in their married life; the timid woman bore it with a gentle dignity that made him lift his hand that instant, though he still searched her face with the candle.

"Tell me what else you've heard," he said, "and I'll answer your question."

She told him all without flinching; her good faith was transparent, and he breathed again. He took her hand kindly in his own, and its coarse, hard-working fibre touched him to the quick, so that once more his voice was as she had never heard it before. It was as soft as it had just been hard.

"You would forgive my hastiness," he said, "if you knew how that man has been annoying me. I won't have him sleep under my roof, so I'm going to set him on his right road."

"Why should you?" cried the wife. "I'd let him find it for himself."

"He couldn't. He's an awful towny. We should have him back in another hour."

But the woman was wondering whether she would ever have her husband; for suspicion had entered her soul, and she knew that she was being deceived. Yet she could not bring herself to speak her heart; all she could do was to throw her free hand about his neck and to beg and beseech him not to go. And that availed her less than nothing—it precipitated a leave-taking whose very tenderness confirmed her every fear.

So they rode away in the starlight, and the woman heard the last of their horses' hoofs, lying solitary in her bed.

For an hour they rode through bush as dense as any his Excellency had traversed earlier in the night; indeed, the country grew worse instead of better, so that very rarely could they ride abreast; and still more rarely did they speak. The selector led the way on a gaunt old stager, that twisted and squeezed between trunks and boulders, and slithered into gullies, and scrambled out of them, with equal readiness and precision; the governor followed as best he could, his face as often as not in his horse's mane, knees hugging the saddle flaps, toes turned in, and imagination see-sawing between the respective sensations of being maimed by the trunk or brained by the branch. It would simplify matters if he were brained.

So the first hour passed, without the hint of a path that the governor could see; as a matter of fact, they crossed several. Nor



had he any idea in which direction they were going; he was much too occupied to pay attention to the stars, even if he could have sworn to the Southern Cross without prolonged scrutiny. So he never suspected that their course was not a straight one, nor dreamt that at the end of a second hour they were no further from the selection than at the end of the first. It was then, however, and not before then, that the selector allowed himself to strike a palpable road; a coach-route, broad, open, and light as day after the rank wilderness through which it had been hewn; and yet it was the darkest hour of all when the governor reached it with a cry of relief and found his brother waiting for him under the stars.

"A nice way to bring you, eh?" said the selector. "Well, I apologize; but behold your reward. A good road all the way back to town, and a township before you get very many miles from this. I should advise you to take a good long spell there. I don't think that horse of yours will carry you much farther without one."

The governor had dismounted to stretch his legs, the other remained in his saddle and now he leaned over with outstretched hand.

"But you're coming with me?" cried the younger man.

"I have come as far as I must."

"You said you were coming!"

"I only meant so far; you forget my poor wife."

This was true; and it annoyed his Excellency to be reminded of her.

"But there are a hundred things to talk about," he said, irritably. "You have told me so little; we were arguing all the time. Why, I neither know the name you've been going by nor the name of your place."

From his saddle the elder brother smiled down upon the younger.

"And you will never know, either" said he.

On every hand the locusts were chirruping; the selector's horse champed its bit; a breath of wind stirred the leaves; but for several minutes there was a dead silence between the mounted man and the man on foot.

"Very well," at length said the latter. "I go down and make my own arrangements. Then I come back for you."

"You will never find me. If you were to wait where

you are till daylight, I would still defy you to ride back the way you've come—or any other way!"

"Then I'll follow you now!"

"You will find it difficult with that horse."

"Then you shan't go yourself!" And the selector's reins were caught and held.

This was suffered without complaint; then said the selector in his softest voice, "You can't have considered what you will drive me to do. I am dead and buried to all but



"'You are leaving me happier than you found me.'"



you. To all but you I committed suicide years ago. You find me by a fluke—or by fate. It will be your fault if I still do what I'm supposed to have done long ago. I shall not hesitate if you drive me to it."

"But nothing's mine, and I've got everything. I should feel an imposter for the rest of my life!"

"Think it over when you get back to Government House; think it calmly and quietly over, and you'll agree with me; at least you'll give in—for my sake. I want to live—I always wanted to. At my worst I liked my life too well to take it; but it won't be worth having if you go and give me away. It's worth having as it is. I'm not disgraced before the world, but I was before, and would be again; that's where you make your mistake. Some things are forgotten—others never. What you've got to forget is to-night, what I shall never forget is the way you spoke of a fellow before you knew! You are leaving me happier than

you found me, and you found me far happier than you suppose. As long as I've an acre to clear and a crop to raise from it, you may take it from me, I shan't be unhappy; and where I've made something of what I've got I'll turn up more. It's a good life—too good for the man you spoke up for. And I've a good wife—too good again! Consider her; consider everything, my dear fellow, when you get back; and—good-by!"

"We must see each other again!"

"If you think it well when you think of everything, and if you can find me! Good-by."

"Good-by, Bob."

"God bless you, Harry!"

"And you—and yours!"

It was the last prayer and the least sincere that was soonest answered, for in the little log-house among the gum trees sorrow had endured for a night; but joy came in the morning.

## AUTUMN TWILIGHT

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER

The low wind sounds a million drowsy lutes,  
The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls;  
Alone, aloud, one lingering robin flutes,  
And from the elm our golden oriole calls.

This is the season that she loved of old,  
Saying with darkened eyes that Autumn turned  
Her home-sick heart out past the evening gold,  
Sadly to some old home for which she yearned.

Gray hills and norland homes!—perhaps 'twas best  
From her own home she had not long to wait:  
O evening stars that waken in the West,  
O happier worlds, came she your way of late?



Blowing Pinwheels as a Means of Instruction.

## THE NEW DAWN IN EDUCATION

The Public Schools in Washington, D. C.

By ARTHUR HENRY

*(Photographs especially taken for Ainslee's Magazine by Frances B. Johnston.)*

WITH forty-five thousand children in the public schools of Washington, there were but ninety cases of punishment last year. When you and I were contending against the advantages of education some twenty or thirty years ago, we would have often borne this whole burden of offense upon the palms of our hands, or the calves of our bare legs, in a single term. But in those days boys escaped hanging only by a miracle, and nature, as manifest in the mind and body of a child, was a devil to be cast out. The children of to-day are no better than those of yesterday, but the wise men are a little more enlightened. A benign and steadfast Providence directs the destiny of the world, and as, one by one, its popular effigies crumble and fall, its ways of loveliness and its paths of peace appear.

The effort to force children into the hide-bound mould of the pedagogue, to make Spencerian copies of them all, has ceased in the capital city, at least, and in its place prevails a method so simple, wholesome and effective, that teachers and children alike find a joy in the knowledge each day brings to them. In place of the unnatural silence of ancient school rooms, a constant sound of life and activity is heard. The children are moving and turning and stretching and twisting as nature intended them to do, and the teachers, instead of attempting to check their growth and preserve an impossible discipline, which hampers and dwarfs the mind and body, use even these evidences of restlessness as lessons. The children in the Washington primary schools know why they stretch, and can tell you the names of the



A Lesson at the Zoo.

muscles where relief is felt. Their textbook is bound in green and blue, and contains innumerable, ever-changing illustrations of every conceivable design and color. Sweet-voiced axioms sing to them from the trees. They gather a nosegay of lessons from the borders of the walk. The honey-suckle, the hop-toad and the wind slip them "ponies" as they pass, and not a child of them all can play hookey, for the earth is their school, and all that is in it becomes their instructors. There are no cases of truancy in Washington. This is not because the children there are more studious and sedate than the youth of other times, nor has the swimming hole or the free run of woods and fields, the circus parade or the delight in forbidden things, lost any of the old charm for them. The children of this day are not conforming to the customs of the world, but the world is more and more recognizing the nature and instincts of children, and bringing itself into harmony with them. Perhaps it is, for this reason, becoming more like the kingdom of heaven. Teachers everywhere are seeking to instruct the child by the things that tempt him.

Superintendent Powell of the Washington

schools said to me recently: "We have been evolving our theory for fourteen years. It has been in progress of evolution along lines of activity for ten years. A child's first learning should be acquired by actual contact with things, and by experience in the social life of which he is a part. He should be made to understand the life he lives as a child, by coming in contact with things in the presence of his teacher. While he is learning to understand, he should be taught to produce. Thus he will gain a practical knowledge of the world in which he lives, the society of which he is a part, and his relation to these. All that he does should be planned so as to satisfy his own reasonable desires. He should not be forced to do anything."

Nothing so clearly marks the progress of the world in the last fifty years as this simple statement. Here is the secret conviction of an occasional mother of half a century ago, held in silence and in trembling, in spite of the stern reproof to her frailty from husband, preacher and pedagogue, made the principle on which the schools of a great city are conducted.

"The child is born," Mr. Powell contin-



Studying an Engine.

ued, "with as strong an impulse to know and to do as is the impulse to eat, to see and enjoy. They are identical. It is alike his nature to receive and to give. It is as necessary for him to give as to get. He is born into the present altruistic ideas and we need only cultivate him to make him an altruistic citizen. The true method of education is that by which nothing is forced upon him, by which everything is brought to him naturally, easily and lovingly. The mind grows by its own exercise, as the body grows, and when the conditions of development are understood and met, health and happiness are a part of the process. We take these children by the hand and lead them into society. Instead of putting them on a bench, and forcing them to commit to memory the A, B, C's, we take them to the woods and fields, the Smithsonian, the park, to Congress, the factories, the market, and the Zoological Garden. I am now speaking of the younger children, whose interpreting *nuclei* are starting; when these have been established, we give them also the experience of others.

"We study the government of this city in our primary schools. In the first place, we

study school government. Who is the superintendent? Who pays him? How much money does he get? Then the next step. Who appoints the supervising principals? Who is our teacher? Why should we mind her? Whom must she mind? She must mind the superintendent, the principals, and the Board of Education. And the Board of Education must mind whom? The members are appointed by the Commissioners, and the Commissioners are appointed by the President, and the President is elected by the people."

Of course, all this has completely revolutionized the system of primary education. Among the best paid teachers are those in the lowest grades. School, to these children, is a series of rambles in and about Washington, and a daily contact with a thousand interesting things. When they assemble in the school-room, the physical liberty that health for their active growing bodies requires, is allowed them. The teacher is not there to keep them in order, but to direct their restless minds and muscles to the best purpose. She is their boon companion, and because she happens to know just what they wish to know, or, if not, because she has

resources greater than theirs for finding out, they love her and follow her suggestions, and look to her as to a wise and gentle mother. Every incident of the day is a lesson. I visited the primary schools, accompanied by a stenographer, and secured from the teachers and from the children themselves evidences of the methods used. I have preserved *verbatim* reports of what I heard. Miss Caspari, one of the teachers in the Tyler School, said:

"Just as the buds began to open this spring, I took the children out for a forage, and they brought back branches covered with apple, cherry, peach and pear blossoms. We learned their names, and the difference between each kind; how the buds were formed, and for what purpose. I have just taken them with me to the churchyard, where there is an annex to this building, and we had them grouped about a maple tree. We had the children tell about it—where the sap had been all the winter, and why we did not

see it. And then, in the spring time, when the sun was with us longer, the tree felt that some change was taking place, and that it must look prettier. The sap had gradually gone up into the trunk of the tree. They told where it got the water—from the rain and the snow, and that, when this water went into the tree, it was called sap, or juice. After it reached the branches, the little buds began to swell and send out leaves, and afterwards flowers, as in the case of the apple blossoms.

"I expect to take them out to the Zoo, and let them see the animals. We study the animals in winter, and in spring the flowers. I ask the children what kind of pets they have, and some will say a rabbit, and some a kitty, and so on. And we ask the chil-

whether he can bring his pet—the parents are always willing to have them do so—and we let the animals run around the room. Why does the animal run? They say, 'Why, because it has legs.' 'Did you notice anything about the rabbit's feet that you didn't see about the cat?' They will say, 'Yes, the rabbit hops.' 'Do you hop?' 'Yes, I have hopped.' 'Why did you hop?' 'Because I had a sore on my foot and I held it up.' That was because one leg was shorter than the other. Then they see the difference in the size of the rabbit's legs, and they say that is why he hops. 'What else do you know that hops?' And they have seen the grasshopper, but they say that the grasshopper has more legs than the rabbit. One

has six and the other four legs. I try to weave one subject into the other, so I ask what is the difference between the number of legs of the rabbit and those of the grasshopper, and they say the difference is two. In this way children of five, six



The Salute to the Flag.

and seven years learn arithmetic.

"Then we talk about the covering that the rabbit has to keep it warm, and when it grows thicker, and whether the color is the same in all rabbits, and why it has long ears."

"What is the use of the long ears? What answer do they make to that?"

"They say he has very long ears because he wants to hear. Papa goes with his gun to the woods to kill the rabbit, and the rabbit wants to hear him coming so he can run away. We have our pets to play with, but papa brings home the wild rabbits he has killed, because they are good to eat, and people must have something to eat. They were made to be killed. Then they talk about the squirrel."

"Do you approve of teaching them that animals are made for us to kill?"

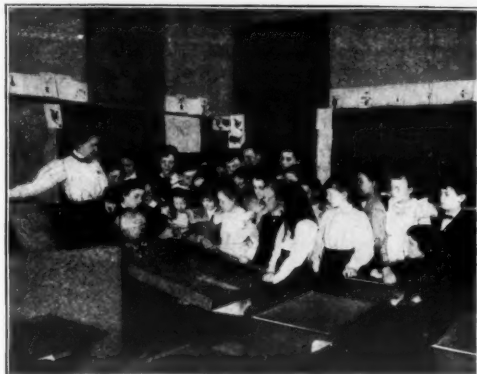
"Well, in this case of the wild rabbit we say, 'Do you think it is nice to kill the rabbit?' They say they kill the chickens, and we must have them to eat. We had a hen and a goose here—we were sorry to have this happen, because we don't want them to think their pets should be killed, but we had been having the goose, and one day the little boy said he could not bring the goose any more, because his papa was going to kill it. Again we had a mouse here, and it grew to be quite tame. The little thing would come to us in the morning to get bread, and I didn't like to see it killed.

"I didn't want to leave it here, so I had a little boy take it home. He said it happened that it got away out of the cage. 'Mamma didn't want to kill it, but it got out of the trap.' I don't know whether anything was done to it to injure it, but I was glad it didn't happen here in the school-room."

"Do you not find that when you allow the children a good deal of liberty they are prone to take advantage of you?"

"We give the children a good deal of freedom, but they know just how far to carry it.

"Many of them volunteer, and they get enthusiastic, and I don't like to check them, because if I don't I find that they respond more readily. I think it is better to have



A Lesson in Physical Geography.

them a little noisy than not to get any work from them."

"The old-fashioned school teacher killed herself trying to preserve order."

"Perhaps she was able to keep order for a little while, but it is unnatural to find children very quiet."

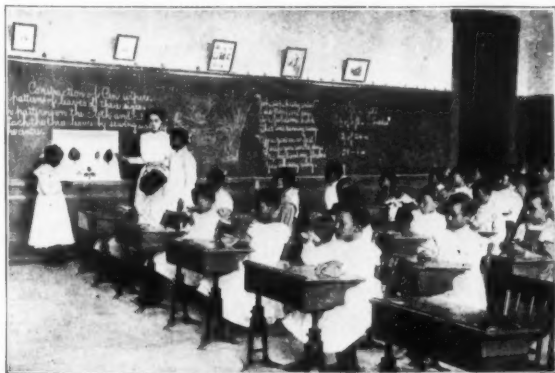
"How much liberty do you allow them?"

"Until I find they are doing what they know they haven't a right to do, injuring themselves by losing the work in hand. If a boy makes a little noise I don't care so much for that, but if I find he is idling, I ask him, 'Have you finished what I asked you to do?'"

"I have a little boy over there who is not able to grasp the work, and he wants to get up and do something else. I say, 'Eddie, why are you doing that?' and then I try to turn what he starts to do to some good account or make a lesson of it."

This method of causing one fact to teach another, of teaching arithmetic, geography, natural history and political economy all at once, and from a rabbit's foot or a wild flower, was further illustrated by Miss Tucker, another primary teacher in the Tyler School.

"We go round," she said, "till we find a cut where we can see the rock from the bottom, and we go from the rock to the sub-soil and the soil. There are a good many cuts



The Making of a Penwiper.



How the Class in Anatomy is Conducted.



around here because they are building a railroad. We take the children there with little baskets, and have them bring home specimens of the different kinds of rock. While we are out in the woods we combine other branches; we have the children study the trees as we go along. We have them notice the flowers.

"We get the children interested in the birds by going out into the woods and listening to them sing. Every morning we have a little conversation lesson about those they saw the day before. They always have something interesting to tell. Not long ago we heard a little goldfinch in the tree outside, and we all went out to see it.

"Would you like to hear the children tell about the birds they saw last evening?"

"That is just what I want."

She turned to the school and said:

"I want you to tell me some things that you have seen about birds."

Nearly every child in the room volunteered an answer. The teacher nodded to one of the boys, and he said:

"This morning I was up in a tree and saw a new kind of bird. Its breast was white and it had some gray on the back."

"How long was it?"

"About so long," (measuring with his fingers).

"Was it a catbird?"

"Its breast was too light for a catbird, and it wasn't singing like a catbird. It gave a kind of trill."

"What did you see, Oliver?" addressing another boy.

"I saw a bird with a green back. It was down near the ground, and it had a brown breast; it didn't have black legs, but flesh-colored legs."

"How long was it?"

"About so long," (measuring).

"Can you tell how many inches long it was?"

"About three and one-half inches."

"Were you near to it?"

"About a rod from it."

"What did you see, Eddie?"

"The other day I saw a bird, but I couldn't get very close to it. The breast and throat, just back near the ends, was black, and near the tail white."

"What kind of a back had it?"

"I couldn't see its back, but it looked like a woodpecker; my brother climbed up the tree and scared it away. But it didn't have a red head like a woodpecker."

"It was probably a female; they don't

have red crests." A little girl about six years old slipped from her seat and coming close to me whispered:

"I saw a bird about four inches long. It was a full-grown bird, but it had something the matter with its wings. It had a yellow breast."

The enthusiasm and interest displayed by these children was evidence enough that it pays for their instructors to make lessons of the things they naturally delight in.

John Burroughs remarks on the fact that so few people really observe what they see, and gives great credit to a correspondent of his, who, in describing a bird, mentioned the length of its bill and the fact of its hopping. The school children of Washington are at last being encouraged to observe.

Miss Mueden said to her class, in response to my request:

"Tell us about the flowers. What flowers did you see?"

"We saw daisies and bluets."

"We saw buttercups."

"We saw a rattlesnake weed. We picked a little yellow flower, and brought it home, and found it was a rattlesnake weed."

"What did we find out about it? Clinton, you tell us."

"Why it has veins."

"Yes; we studied its veins. John, tell us what else you found out."

"It had hairy leaves."

"Is that all we learned about it?"

"We found out it was good for medicine."

"What did we do in school this morning?"

"We wrote about the lilies of the valley and the rattlesnake weed."

"What did we study about them? What was the first thing I did?"

"Brought it home and put it into a vase."

"And the next day as soon as I had time?"

"We studied the flower."

"Bessie, tell us."

"Pulled it to pieces."

"What did you find?"

"Pistils and stamens."

"Is that all the parts of the flowers we looked for? Mamie."

"We found the stamens and the style, and what color it has and the pollen and the sepals, and we studied all about the flower."

"What else beside the little yellow flower?"

"And the stem and the leaves."



Studying Botany in the Fields.

"And, after we had studied all that, we found——?"

"The veins and the leaves, and then we found it was a rattlesnake weed."

"Did you find that out from the pollen or the petals?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"How did you come to the conclusion that it was a rattlesnake weed?"

"Because it looked so much like a rattlesnake."

"Was the pollen of this rattlesnake weed different from, or were the petals like those of any other flower?"

"It was like a dandelion."

"Did that make you think it was any relation to the dandelion?"

"Yes, sir."

"What relation was it?"

"A cousin."

"What other flowers have you taken to pieces?"

"The daisy and the buttercup and violet and the bluet and the syringa."

"What time of the year did you find these flowers?"

"In the spring."

"What part of the spring?"

"In May."

"What flowers did you find in May?"

"We found the syringa and the violet."

"Which ones in April?"

"The daisy and the bluet."

"Which are the earliest ones you find in May?"

"The bluet and the violet." Another said, "the dandelion."

"Do you remember that flower that creeps out under the leaves early in the spring?"

"The trailing arbutus."

Miss Bessie Dodge, in the same building, gave me an illustration of the way the children study river formations.

"We study on the hillside. A gully is supposed to represent a miniature river. From this gully we learn all about a river, its mouth, the slope of its banks, and also the water sheds, and then the carrying and the depositing material. This brings them to the delta island. They study different valleys, an old valley, a young valley and a middle-aged valley. Then the slopes and the different kinds of slopes, abrupt slopes, steep slopes and gradual slopes, also the canyons. We just let the children see the sides of the banks in the gully and tell them that sometimes the large rivers have banks like these, only, of course, very much larger and steeper. I took them out after a rain and they could see the little rivers and valleys everywhere."

"Could you get one or two of these children to tell me what they saw?"

"How many of you," she asked of the school, "remember last fall when I took you over on the hill on Sixteenth street. You



Games in the School-yard.

know we went there to study hills and valleys." The same eagerness to respond was manifest here as in the other room.

"We saw gullies."

"Why did we go there to study gullies?"

"Because there wasn't a river around, and we had—we were talking about rivers and there weren't any rivers, and we went to the nearest place. A gully is really a small river."

"Who else can tell something about it?"

"The gullies were close to each other, and between each of them was a standing slope."

"Anything else?"

"We learned," replied a girl, "how the water came from the earth, making a canyon and a channel. The water shot down making a channel for the river."

"All the land drained by the river was called the river basin," said a fourth. "Be-

tween the two rivers—the land between the two rivers was called a water-shed."

"And where is the widest part of the gully?"

"At the mouth."

"And what do we call the low land then?"

"Well, the widest part is not necessarily the mouth; if the land is low along the middle part of the river it is very wide."

"And what do we call the wide part where it goes along slowly?"

"The old part of the river."

"And where is the young river?"

"Down at the sharp place where the



A Practical Lesson in the Animal Kingdom.

water shoots down over some land and carries it further down."

"And what are the low lands?"

"The plain."

"And the water is always carrying what?"

"Some kind of material. The faster the water flows the more the material, and the slower it flows it don't carry as much."

"Put that sentence in better form."

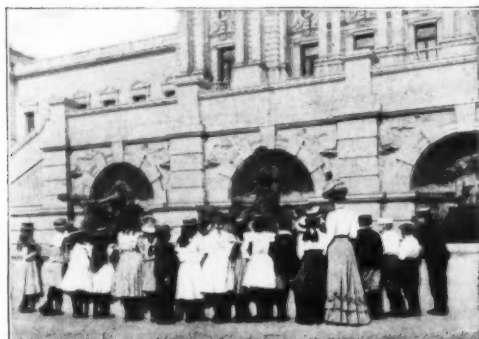
"When the water flows slowly it deposits less material."

"Where is there more material deposited?"

"Generally at the mouth."

"And this sometimes forms what?"

"A delta island or bar."



Studying Art.



Manual Labor Class.

"Who can tell me something about a delta island?"

"A delta is—the word delta comes from the Greek—the shape of the delta is a triangle, and it is an island and looks like a delta."

"What makes the river deposit the material right there?"

"When the other water flows into the bay or anything, the water's waves are so heavy it makes it rough."

"What happens to the waters of the river when it meets a larger body of water?"

"Each have to drop their material because they must flow over the land slope."

"Now let the river flow down hill. Does that river ever become longer?"

"It eats its way back to where it started first, so that the valley grows longer."

"Which way? Toward the ocean or larger river, or up the mountain bank?"

"Up the mountain bank, of course."

These answers and observations were given by children seven and eight years old about eight months after the trip was made. The remarkable feature of this system is not that so much information is crowded into the brain of such young children, but, rather, that this method of teaching exercises from the outset the reason of the children. They not only seize facts, but they analyze them.

Thus are such facts assimilated, and the enormous evil of modern education is avoided, which is the overcrowding a child's brain with a mass of undigested knowledge.

In the Washington schools by the time a child has reached the study of civil government in books, he already has a kind of speaking acquaintance with the subject.

"He is able," said Superintendent Powell, "to understand John Fiske by reading five or eight pages a day; whereas, by the old principles we used to give him a paragraph or two and pound it into his memory. Now he will read twenty pages of Greene's 'History of the English People' for a lesson, and the child reads and understands. Now, then, this is the real process of manual training, the child learns to do it. He takes a flower and picks it to pieces carefully; he counts the petals, stamens, pistils, etc.; then he takes the paint brush and paints them, or pencil and draws them. He sees that a thing has a surface. He measures it across and otherwise. Then he sees that a box is square. What is the key to this square measure? These sides are all of the same size. What is the root of all this? He measures them and finds that one side is six inches, and from this he learns what is the square root of 36. Thus a boy in the primary schools learns square and cube root. He

learns it because he cannot help learning it; he learns it just as easily as he learns that a bird flies. There is no pressure on his mind at all.

"Then the girl begins to sew, so that by the time she gets to the seventh grade, we send her to the shops. The girl sews in the fourth, fifth and sixth, and then she goes to the shops and learns to fit. In the eighth grade she goes to the laboratory and learns to cook, and to go to market and select her material, and what to do with it, and how to build fires. She goes to the gas factory and learns what coke is.

"All the geographic places—not structural geography—but the geography of places, she gets in connection with history. But she also gets her idea of geography from her cooking lessons. Such a thing comes from Porto Rico; such a thing from Florida. Everything is taught in connection with the thing that makes it most interesting, not simply in connection with cooking, but wherever the interest centres. Thus the child is never doing anything it does not want to do.

"But to carry out this principle right, we must have the best teachers in our primary grades. In the next place, we want to remove all machinery; we don't want any records of recitation, and therefore we don't examine or mark children; we promote on the suggestion of the teacher."

"Do you have any examination at all?"

"Not at all. We say you stand well enough to be promoted, or you don't stand well enough to be promoted. We are going to keep you here a month or two longer for your own good."

"What is the object of taking away the spirit of competition?"

"True altruism and generosity and the desire to train a child in knowledge and intelligence, and to love to learn for its own sake and not for the sake of getting ahead. The result of this kind of teaching on the

discipline of the schools is simply marvelous; the word marvelous does not express it. There is no government about it. Our school rooms are conducted on the principle of liberty. The children almost literally govern themselves.

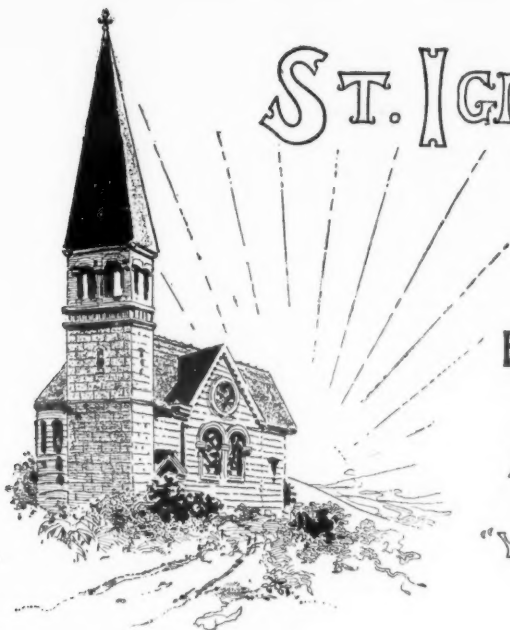
"We have been for fourteen years building our system of education, and now, for the first time, we begin to get the fruit of it. You cannot organize a school in a moment. It can be destroyed by a wrong man at the head, it can be injured by a wrong man on the Board of Education; or it can be destroyed by the wrong Board of Education. It can be easily destroyed, but it cannot be made except by careful nurturing and patient waiting.

"The spirit of inquiry is moving all over the United States. The most profound revolution in human society is taking place today.

"A man to be abreast of the times and a useful citizen, must learn more than the men of other times. We must teach our children more, and yet the health of many a child has been impaired in the effort to give it the little learning heretofore required.

"Now, what must be done? We cannot understand civilization unless we are educated. If we are not, the world must be ruled by the few instead of the many. It will be found, unless we can educate the masses, that this will happen. We find that we are not educating the masses. The old-fashioned systems stung out the slow boy, now we keep him in. We have found that we can educate these children to an appreciation of the civilization of which they are a part, and at the same time conserve health. This is the best health culture there is. Mind is so connected with matter that in educating the one we educate the other. The body itself becomes cultivated with the mind, and life and freedom will be preserved."





# ST. IGNATIUS

ON THE HILL

BY

HENRY G. CATLIN

AUTHOR OF —

"THE BUILDERS,"  
"YELLOW PINE BASIN"

THE Market Street Church is architecturally a credit to the town and its parishioners, as active and zealous a congregation as there is on the Western slope. The structure is imposing, its pastor a man of force and ability, and, from it radiate influences for good reaching beyond the thriving city that listens to its big, deep-toned bell.

I have always been interested in that church, for I was present at its birth, and now, when I look up at its lofty spire and think of what its work has been, and the harvest of it, my mind goes back to what might perhaps be as well forgotten.

The father of that church was Ike Gray. The name conveys no meaning now, but when the church was born Ike filled a conspicuous, I might say, an honored place in the society in which he moved. Judged by other standards than then and there obtained, he might have been open to criticism, but he left the world better than he found it; in this particular, at least, built better than he knew or cared, perhaps.

It was a wild country then and those were wild times. Everything and everybody was young; there was snap and vigor in the life. Wicked things were done, careless things

were done, and even the good things were done irreverently half in jest, half in earnest, from impulse rather than conviction.

The centres of trade—heart, so to speak—their arteries, rude improvised wagon roads; veins, trails through a great scope of tributary area were two, and, in conformity with the general law, every one knew there should be but one. Whether Cornucopia or Oreana was to be that one was the question. An intense rivalry sprang up between them, and, like two hostile camps, they warred against each other.

Separated by a high divide and some thirty miles of distance, each had its advantages. Cornucopia was in a good grass country, where the freighters could turn their animals out to graze, on a plain with wood and water at hand; all roads naturally centered there, and it was near the mining country. Oreana was on a barren hillside; water was scarce and would be until a long ditch was dug, a most uninviting place, but—Oreana had Ike Gray.

That all there was of Oreana was Gray, became a settled conviction over hundreds of miles of country. He left an impress on all who saw him, and a subtle influence emanated from him that made men who had never



seen him feel his leadership. For some reason or none—no one ever knew—he pitched his tent on as desolate and unattractive a site as you could well find; below it a dry and dusty plain; the nearest approach to grass, its big sage bush, no water within a quarter of a mile and little then; a hillside without grass and barren hills beyond it.

There Gray founded Oreana, and others came about him and made their temporary settlement. The tent became a stone house, others were built, corrals, saloons, business houses established, and, the wonder of it all was, how any trade, travel or traffic came there. There was not a mining camp within a hundred miles that did not have business with Oreana. Why it was so, no one could understand, nor why prospectors should buy their supplies there.

It was more remote than Cornucopia. The one road leading to it was a bad one, every pound of hay or grain, every stick of wood had to be hauled twenty miles. The dust was blinding, the water bad. But Oreana grew and flourished.

Gray had a business of his own—such as it was, but he made that of everybody his. He suggested ways and means for the storekeepers to get trade; he gave the blacksmith ideas; he loaned money to bring business in. He schemed so well that the mail routes ran where he wished; he contrived to have an army post established where every dollar spent must be spent in Oreana. He pulled strings that led everywhere within a hundred miles and with them drew trade and traffic in. All this he did in singleness of heart, for Oreana was his creation, his pet, his hobby.

My first acquaintance with the place and with Gray was on a long ago September evening.

Nat Smith, old John Bearclough, Frenchy (I knew him for fifteen years, and if he had another name I never heard it,) and myself had been mining and cleaned up over twenty ounces of gold dust to the man. We were on our way south, going to a place in Northern Mexico. We had heard of it in a casual way. Nat knew a man who had a partner who told this man that, some years before, he had been there and found "six bits to the pan." It was a terribly dry country, hard to get into, and the Indians "the worst he ever see."

Being alone, he was forced to get out and in such haste that he left behind him "a sack—seventy-three ounces and a quarter"—that he had panned out in less than a

month. Nat said the man told him his partner was "slower than cold molasses," and "no great jedge of heft." As all this information was confided to him when his partner was at the height of a protracted spree which ended in his death, there was all the incoherence and uncertainty in the description of locality, as well as of other material points that might be expected. However, it was nearly a thousand miles away, a hard country to get into, and the Indians were bad. What more did anybody want than that; if there wasn't gold there, there ought to be, and so, after discussing it at every camp-fire for the last two months, we were going to Mexico.

Oreana was on our way, and we stopped there. We left our animals at Travis', deposited our dust with Wells-Fargo, spread our blankets in a quiet corner of the corral, and started out to get our supper and see the town.

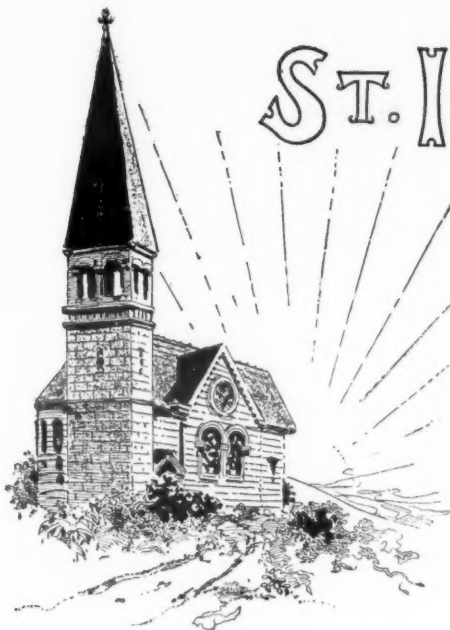
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He knew Travis who kept the Gold Nugget Corral; a man about the place was an old Hangton acquaintance, and the first man we met on the street knew him, recalled Frenchy and "couldn't quite place" Nat; others received us with a warm-hearted, almost effusive, greeting.

Impressed by all this cordiality, I spoke of it to Nat, whose answer, "Them town fellers all hang together. Every mother's son of 'em knows we've got dust at Wells-Fargo's. 'Course they know us," I afterwards found a commentary on men and manners applicable to other places than Oreana.

A sense of politeness forbade our declining the many invitations extended to us, and was the means of an early introduction to every saloon on our route. I was a total abstainer; my deficiencies in this respect were made good by my companions. They were a hard-headed lot, and the only effect I ever knew liquor to produce on them was to increase their good nature and mellow the cheerful, sunny view of everything which was inborn in them.

They are all gone now. They were rough men, quick with their guns, emphasizing their conversation with rude oaths. They drank whenever they could, gambled as long as they had a dollar, told the truth, were true as steel—men. That my career disappointed the hopes of these true friends is one of the regrets of my life. That it must do so I always knew, for the dizzy heights I



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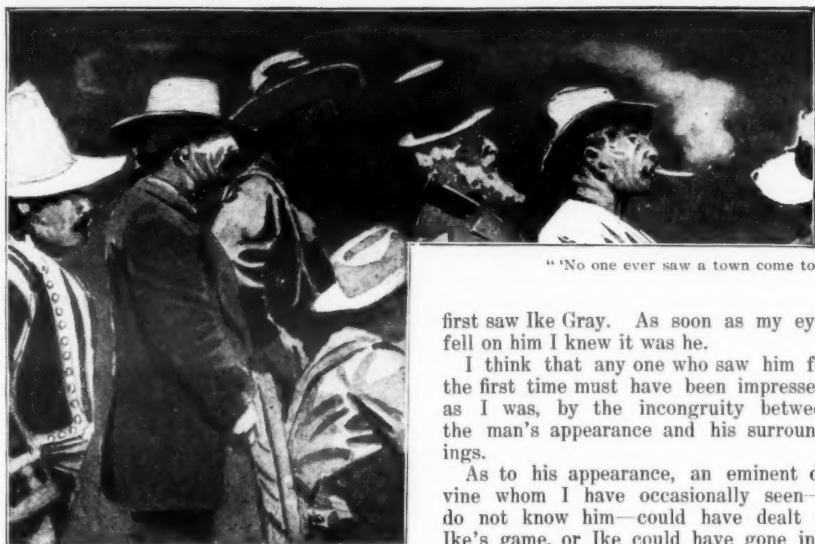
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"No one ever saw a town come to

was to soar to were as much beyond my range of vision as my wings were unequal to the flight.

We had our supper and enjoyed it as only men can who have had beans and bacon, bread and coffee for six months, and had to cook it themselves.

Our trip around town had little variety for me at least. Old friends of the others were found in various bar-rooms where the same rounds of drinks, the same conversation, the same introductions were gone through with.

I was sleepy, and wished to go to the corral and get under the blankets, but that was out of the question.

Late at night, or rather toward morning, we were in "Gray's." My companions were playing faro or, from time to time, turning to Monte or the "Wheel of Fortune."

The room was long and wide; a bar with three or four barkeepers behind it, was on one side, and at tables here and there, knots of men were playing at the various games of chance. The dealers, with great stacks of white, red, blue and yellow chips at their sides and open drawers, where neatly piled coins from silver half dollars to twenty-dollar pieces showed that "the bank was good," sat at these tables and dealt the cards; on high chairs the lookouts perched, and saw that all went right.

I stood before the faro table, and there I

first saw Ike Gray. As soon as my eyes fell on him I knew it was he.

I think that any one who saw him for the first time must have been impressed, as I was, by the incongruity between the man's appearance and his surroundings.

As to his appearance, an eminent divine whom I have occasionally seen—I do not know him—could have dealt at Ike's game, or Ike could have gone into his pulpit, and if neither spoke no one would have been the wiser.

Neatly, even—in that rough, out-of-the-world place—fastidiously dressed, he had a quiet manner, and his clean-shaven face a certain noble—it seemed to me—almost spiritual expression. He never smoked or drank or swore, had a courteous, dignified carriage, was a man of his word. Kindly, charitable, a public-spirited, just man and—a gambler.

I watched him as his agile fingers neatly shuffled the cards, put them in the box and with deliberate movement drew them out, stopping just long enough between the turns for the bettors to put their chips on, sweeping off their losses, or stacking up their winnings in even piles of the same color as their bets.

There was a quiet, a regularity of deliberate measured movement about him which added to his dignity of manner, and as he gave out the prizes to the winners and swept aside the losers' bets, a strange feeling came over me. He seemed the incarnation of fate.

I did not see the green-covered layout; the cards upon it, nor the tokens on them; but before him, like spirits going to a judgment, hopes, desires, ambitions, came in a never-ending stream; some he crowned, some he cast aside.

There was an excited conversation at the back of the room. Gray looked up, called



anything that didn't have a church.' "

a man to take his place and went toward the speakers.

My interest was gone, and finding an empty chair along the wall, I sat down to wait for my companions.

From where I sat I could hear the conversation. Cornucopia, so a man just from there reported, was hilarious, and believed that Oreana was "done for." "It was," he said, "predicted that Oreana would go from the minds of men, become a place that had been," and this as the result of a concerted movement on the part of the people of Cornucopia to utilize their wonderful natural advantages. The Cornucopia Improvement Company had been formed. This company was to build a dam on the river and develop several thousand horse power which was to drive immense woollen mills and furniture factories; a great brewery was to be built, and an iron and steel plant erected, and everybody there said, "That did settle it."

There seemed to be no doubt about it, for the man had actually seen the map with the pictures of all these establishments on it, and he meditatively added that, as Cornucopia was a freighting point, and its consumption of horse and mule shoes great, there would be a home market for the iron industry.

A carping critic suggested that pine made poor coal, another that it "warn't no good for furniture," and one positive voice was to the effect that "he'd lay money that there warn't a sheep within three hundred miles."

The news, however, was evidently disquieting, for it seemed that the capital for this great undertaking was only waiting an invitation. It was recalled that Nick Thomas had an uncle in Wall street who had, for years, been urging Nick to get him some investments for surplus capital.

"Nick told me," said one, "that his



uncle wrote him that he'd incorporate anything he said—didn't make no difference how big it was," and some one called to mind that "Jed Wilkins used to work for a man in Maine, president of a big bank. Jed said it was good for sore eyes to see the money that was in that bank, and this man didn't know what to do with the money. Course them banks has got to put their money out somewhere."

"Yes, they'll git the money," said a slow-speaking man, "'t'won't pay, but the excitement'll kill Oreana. They'll be two or three years bildin'. We've gotter do somethin' or we're gone."

The players had left the tables and crowded up. Gray was leaning against his bar. There was a silence of a moment and then, as one man, every eye turned toward him.

I can see him now. His clear-cut face stood out against the light and over it, like a wreath of smoke upon a marble statue, a faint, half scornful smile floated and was gone. He looked a leader and—the gambler spoke.

"It's a bluff, and when you size up a bluff, don't call, but raise; that sets the man a thinking, puts the call on him. There is nothing in Cornucopia. Never was. Their hand's weak; they're making a bluff. There is nothing that builds up a place like giving the idea you've come to stay. There are improvements that say to every man, 'We've

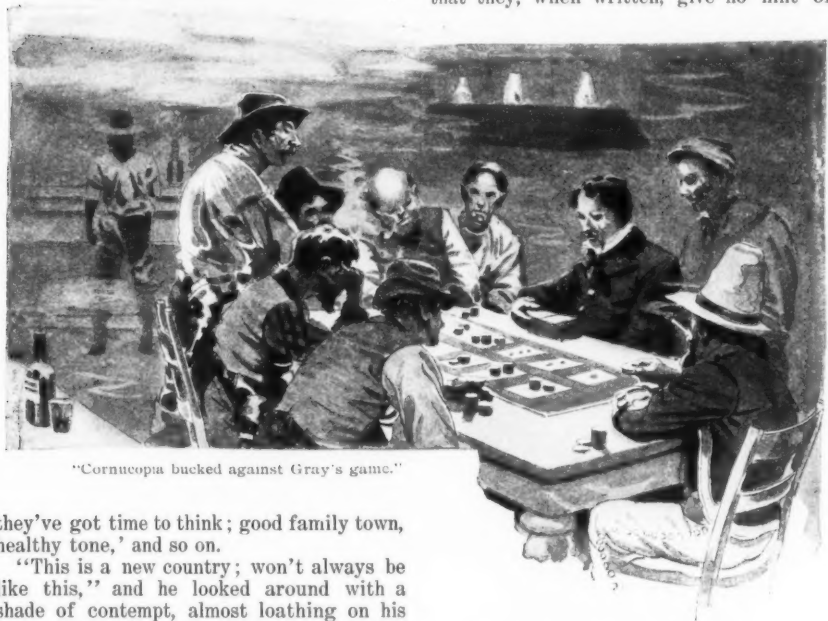
got a good thing and we've sat down on it. We are going to live here, we are going to die here." There are improvements—feelers like—if they pan out we'll stay; if they don't, we'll pack up and try it somewhere else. You can't fool people; they see it.

"Cornucopia is prospecting. We'll open the mine, we'll raise the bluff.

"No one ever saw a town come to anything that didn't have a church. No man ever saw a church going up but he says to himself, 'these folks are doing well, the town's growing, they've got business, and

dollar pieces. "I'm going to start the church with this," he said, "I want the town to pile the chips up, and I'll stack even with them, we'll build a church, a bang-up, first-class church, and show Cornucopia that we're here to stay. You'll see her run the cards with those ghost factories on 'em over, and she'll study. We'll be piling up our chips careless, like we were going to raise again if she gave us a show—put horse sheds behind the church or buy an organ—and then, Cornucopia will lay her hand down and we'll rake in the pot."

The words were simple, understood by all, and yet there was a power behind them that they, when written, give no hint of.



"Cornucopia bucked against Gray's game."

they've got time to think; good family town, healthy tone,' and so on.

"This is a new country; won't always be like this," and he looked around with a shade of contempt, almost loathing on his face—"everything goes now. Families will come in—folks from the states, likely.

"The woman hears Oreana has a church, Cornucopia hasn't, and she's going to live in Oreana. Water's bad, nothing green round, dust bad, but—here's the church. Catch 'em every time; she and the children are going to live here; old man can wressel round in the hills, but here's home—here's the church.

"Yes; I don't feel good without a church, looks good to see it. It's an improvement no town can be without." As he talked one hand was in his pocket. He walked to a table and throwing down a handful of twenty-

One had to hear and see the man who spoke.

For a moment the audacity of the idea staggered then appealed to them, for they were all gamblers, and the coins fell on the table.

"Gotta have a preacher," suggested a leading citizen.

"I know a man," said Travis, "can't be beat, preach the hair off a dog. Had a big church East. Some woman bizness and whisky—you know how notional them Eastern folks is—came west, taught school, prospected, dealt a game, tended bar, all-round man and smart—you bet."





"He retained consciousness long enough to ask to be buried from the church."

My companions contributed each a twenty-dollar piece and I did the same. The stacks were growing higher.

Gray spoke up. "No man that's run out of the East, no man plays a card or takes a drink, I shall run this church; she'll run on strict business principles, she'll run right."

Oreana contributed liberally; Cornucopia also, though unwillingly, for Nick Thomas and a few of her prominent citizens, conceiving from some favorable augury that the time was ripe, came to Oreana, and the next night "bucked" against "Gray's game." At first they won, but luck changed, and before daylight they had lost all the money they had with them, and "the game" was several thousand dollars ahead.

Gray made good his word, and added an equal amount to the total of the other contributions. That the money came out of Cornucopia pleased him, not on account of the money itself, but it showed that "luck was with the church."

Gray was a thorough man. The church became his one idea, and consequently the absorbing interest of the town. He procured an architect from San Francisco to draw the plans and superintend the building. The plans were twice changed for larger and more substantial structures.

The luck that came to Gray and, through him, to the church was phenomenal.

It did seem as if the hand of fate was in

it and like its minister, Gray sat in the dealer's chair and raked the Cornucopia money in. Stimulated by local pride and the hope of retrieving their losses, the Cornucopia folks came to the attack again and again,

and before they became convinced that luck "was dead agin 'em," the financial resources of Cornucopia became so much impaired that the town never recovered, and "The Cornucopia Improvement Company" stopped in the map stage.

Gray put the spoils from the enemy into the church. He passed his days looking at its progress, saw every stone put in its massive walls, inspected every interior decoration. He would stroll up the hill at all hours of the night and stand gazing at it. It became his only aim and object, and to its erection he contributed most of his fortune and an infinite amount of energy and patience.

If there was ever in this man some crude idea of reparation to society, no one ever knew it, for he always seemed to consider it only in the gross material sense of an improvement to the town, but Gray was an odd man. No one ever knew what he did think. The agents of good are not always conscious ones.

The architect was a man of ability, and he was not hampered. The church stands a monument of stone to him, a beautiful creation. His name is cut in the wall, but of like Gray there is no mention.

We went to Mexico, found the bad country, the Indians, little water and less gold, and in eighteen months were in Oreana again. The town had grown, noticeably improved.

Gray lived to see the church finished and to dig the big ditch and watch the water running.

An unfortunate altercation and a discreditable slowness in the draw of his pistol were the causes of his death.

He retained consciousness long enough to ask to be buried from the church or, rather, to point to it with a convulsive movement which the bystanders understood, and, as his hand dropped, his spirit went.

The water worked wonders. The plain below was settled. It became the county town. The old, floating, adventurous population moved to more exciting scenes, the character of the place completely changed. A railroad came in, the country about settled up, and Oreana, now a thriving city, is a place of consequence.

The church has been under all flags. I do not recall a denomination that has not at some time occupied it. The first accidental inmates of its pulpit, I need not speak of; then came the itinerant missionary preachers who laid a broad foundation that enabled others to add living, earnest souls to, until the frame of stone and mortar, imposing, graceful, became endowed with life and spirit.

The church made Oreana what it is. Its influence has always been for the material good of the place.

Its members, from the first, have been united and led the way. The sidewalks came from a church meeting; the trees that beautify the streets were planted at a wo-

men's gathering. The Oreana Young Ladies' School was an inspiration of the church; the Free Library took its start from a sermon; St. Mary's Hospital is its child. The refinements and elegancies of life there date from it. It has been, and is, a fortress, a stronghold of religious influence.

The fortieth anniversary of "Saint Ignatius on the Hill," for so they call it now—is soon to come. The pastor intends writing its history. He could find no data of its birth or infancy, except the year graven on the cornerstone. Some one kindly told him that I dated from those dim, prehistoric times, and he came to me.

"What is it you wish to know, doctor?" I asked.

"I would have you tell me," he answered, "who conceived the idea of the church and erected it on a scale so disproportioned to what Oreana must then have been. The deep religious feeling displayed, and in those early times, too, has always touched me. I would know of these earnest men."

I told him that Ike Gray alone conceived the idea of a church. That he started the subscription for it, contributed with unstinted liberality, and made the building of the church his work. That he put his soul in it, was an earnest man, "yes," I said, "Ike Gray was its father."

"Who was Ike Gray?"

"A prominent business man of Oreana," I answered, "the most prominent."

"God bless him," said the doctor. "He did a good work and has his reward."

"I don't think that occurred to him," I ventured to say.

"Certainly not," said the doctor. "Men like him do good for good's sake."

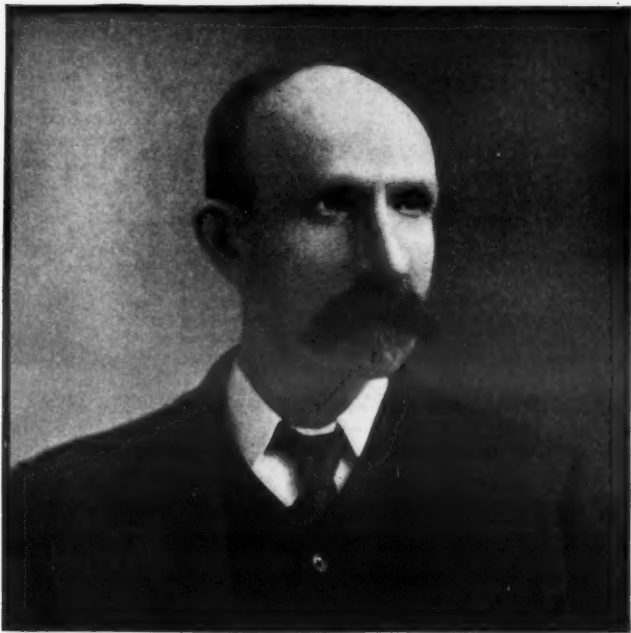
And—it may have been so with Ike Gray.

## A MAN AND A COLONY

By THEODORE ROBERTS

NEWFOUNDLAND is England's oldest colony. English possession dates back to 1583. For more than forty years this big northern island has tried to govern herself—the world knows with what success. Political corruption and mismanagement were fast driving her to ruin when help came in the person of Robert G. Reid, of Montreal, Canada. This was first in 1890, at an invitation from the Government of New-

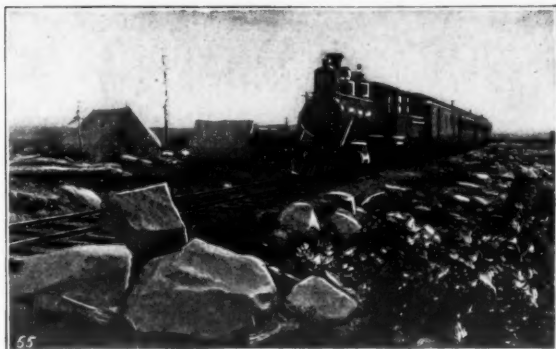
foundland for proposals for the construction of the first 200 miles of the Newfoundland Railway. Mr. Reid came, with an offer to build a narrow gauge road from St. Johns to Exploits, on Notre Dame Bay, for \$15,600 per mile. He did his work, looked about him with a "seeing eye," acquired a little land, and returned to his home. In 1893 the Government was staggering more blindly than ever. The railway involved the



Robert Gillespie Reid.

poor colony in a yearly loss of £40,000 sterling, and the telegraph service and the dry dock at St. Johns followed hard in the same path. Mr. Reid came back and began work on the completion of the railway, under contract with the Government. But long before the road was finished he shifted the burden of the mail service onto his own shoulders. For the maintenance of this he was paid a subsidy—one that gave him nothing above his expenses. In 1897 the last rail was laid at Port-aux-Barques, 90 miles from North Sydney, Cape Breton. The road had cost the Government up to this time \$13,000,000. They now sold it to Mr. Reid for \$1,000,000. Also about 4,000,000 acres of land came under the private control of the great contractor. This transaction, this sale of a British colony to a British subject, startled the public to a storm of surmise and remark. But Mr. Reid said little, and the Government of the pawned colony nothing at all. Mr. Reid had ready money which he was willing to spend on the operation of the railway, while the Government, after the expenses of construction, had not enough to manage it for two years. And Mr. Reid's money was cold cash in their pockets.

Mr. Robert G. Reid is a native of Coupar Angus, Scotland. He is now fifty-seven years of age, and stands six feet one inch in his socks. Most of the routine of the great work in Newfoundland is to-day carried on by his three sons, William D., Henry D. and Robert G., Jr. They are all unusually capable men. One may say that Mr. Reid's wonderful career began in Australia, thirty-four years ago, in the gold-fever days. His successes have all been due to his brain and his energy. No pages in the records of his past dealings with governments or companies need be hidden from the public glance. His earlier work was done in Mexico, Texas, the Northern States and Canada. He has successfully filled many contracts for railway and bridge construction, among them the D., L. and W. bridge at Delaware Water Gap, all C. P. R. bridges on the north shore of Lake Superior, the Leeshire bridge entering Montreal over the St. Lawrence River, a bridge across the Sault Ste. Marie from Canada to the United States (being the most important link in the well-known "Soo" route and his third international bridge), and fifty miles of Intercolonial Railway in Cape Breton, including a bridge at Grand Narrows, and last,



One of Mr. Reid's Engines.

his 550 miles of Newfoundland Railway, built between the years 1890-98. This looks like a record-breaking list.

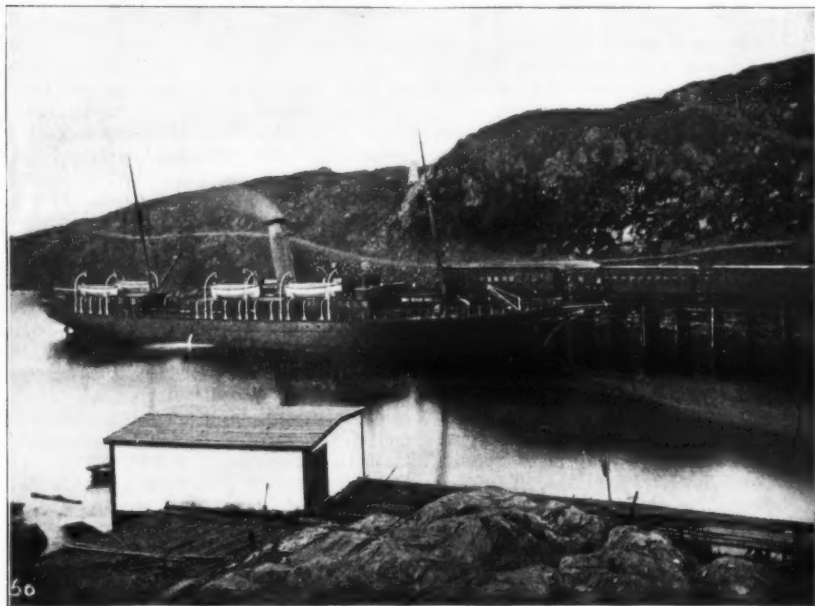
This strong-headed Scotchman has long been a power in the ante-rooms of kings. Now he has a throne of his own, contained in a revolving office chair. Along his road he owns 7,500 acres of land to every mile of rail. For the road and the land he paid one million dollars in cash. If the railway ceases operation within fifty years of the time of

coast, on a subsidy of \$142,000 per year from the Government. Mr. Reid's terms have enabled the Government of Newfoundland to pay the interest on the public debt and to keep other wheels in motion.

A writer in the May (1899) issue of *The London Letter* says: "The Legislature has doubtless done wisely in getting rid of responsibilities which it was unable to discharge."

In the formal prose of "the Newfoundland

his taking possession the road returns to the Government, and only the land remains with the house of Reid. Mr. Reid bought the dry dock at the capital for the sum of \$325,000. For working the telegraph line the Government pays Mr. Reid a subsidy of \$10,000 a year, and in 1904 Mr. Reid will have the right to buy it outright for the sum of \$125,000. He operates the postal service, including nine big marine steamers along the



S. S. "Bruce" at Port-Aux-Barques.



Saw Mill at Bay of Islands.

Railway Act of 1898," Mr. Reid's contract with the Government of the colony does not look unusual. We read:

"*And whereas*, The Government is the owner of a line of railway from Whitbourne to Placentia, known as the Placentia Railway, and a line of railway, from Placentia Junction to Port-aux-Barques, known as the Newfoundland, Northern and Western Railway;

"*And whereas*, There is also under construction for the Government a branch line of railway from the said Northern and Western Railway to Brunt Bay;

"*And whereas*, In the year 1893, a contract was entered into between the Government and Robert G. Reid, of Montreal, in the Dominion of Canada, railway contractor, for the maintenance and operation of the said Newfoundland, Northern and Western Railway;

"*And whereas*, It is necessary to make provision for the maintenance and operation for the said Newfoundland Railway, and the said several branch lines and extensions now under construction, or to be constructed;

"*And whereas*, It is desirable to make provision for improved terminal facilities in St. Johns;

"*And whereas*, It is desirable that the maintenance and operation of the said several lines, branches and extensions be combined in one system and under one management and control for an extended period;

"*And whereas*, It is also desirable to make provision for an improved mail service, by steamer, in connection with the said railway system;

"*And whereas*, It is also desirable that the Government Telegraph Service, now partially maintained and operated by the said Robert G. Reid, should be managed under one system at reduced cost to the Colony;

"*And whereas*, It is desirable to promote the development of certain coaleries, now reserved for the use

of the Colony, and to provide for the raising of a revenue by the levying of royalties upon minerals raised from lands granted to the said Robert G. Reid;

"*And whereas*, An agreement has been entered into between the Government and the said Robert G. Reid, to embrace and provide for the carrying into effect of the foregoing objects and purposes, subject to the approval and confirmation of the Legislature;" and so on.

By the present wise operation of the Newfoundland Railway the real wealth of the colony will be brought into the world's markets. Until now the merchants and the dealers in codfish and lobsters (not the fishers themselves) held the ribbons and drove as they pleased. But with the opening of mines, and pulp and lumber industries, all this will change. Iron, copper, coal, lime, chrome and oil are all to be found within the boundaries of an island which people have believed contained nothing but fog, codfish and desolate "barrens." The Reids have already started a pulp factory on Grand Lake. The timber, spruce and fir, stands thick along the edges of the lake. The coal needed in the works is dug within easy reach, and the sulphur used in making pulp is also on the ground. Granites and marbles of every quality and tint are to be found in paying quantities, but it is likely to be some time before the quarries are worked to



A Strip of the Newfoundland Railroad, Showing the Bay of Islands.

any great extent. The mines and lumber tracts will first claim the attention of the workers. Pine is the best paying lumber in Newfoundland. It is plentiful, and grows to a fair size. The spruce and fir are much inferior to the trees we see in the Eastern States and Canada. Yet they are of the most convenient size for the pulp-makers.

To-day the Reids have two thousand men on their pay rolls, and many of these are engineers, operators, clerks and overseers on very good "monthly screws." During the heat of construction the number ran nearer to five thousand. Body labor is cheap in Newfoundland and is done entirely by natives. Mr. Reid pays well for brains. His steamboat officers are content with their

jobs, and are all men who could find berths elsewhere. The passenger service, both by boat and train, is all that one can desire. On the railway the sleeping and dining carriages are equal to anything in Canada, and the cooking is better than at any hotel in the island. For the Labrador and Bay runs seven new steamers are under construction for Mr. Reid. The boats now in use are slow, though comfortable. The

new boats are in the hands of the man who built the *Bruce*, Reid's fine sixteen knot steamer between North Sydney and Port-aux-Barques. The *Bruce* cost \$250,000. The added prices of the new steamers will amount to one million. They are smaller and slower boats than the *Bruce*, the one for the Labrador trip being equal to twelve knots, and the others ten or eleven, but in general features they will closely resemble their big comrade. All boats will be fitted for first and second class passengers, and the hulls will be heavily plated for safe steaming amid ice.

An electric car service for Water street, St. John's chief thoroughfare, is now under construction. Mr. Reid is owner and builder. The power comes from Petty Harbor, a



A Bridge of the Newfoundland Railroad, Crossing Steady Brook.

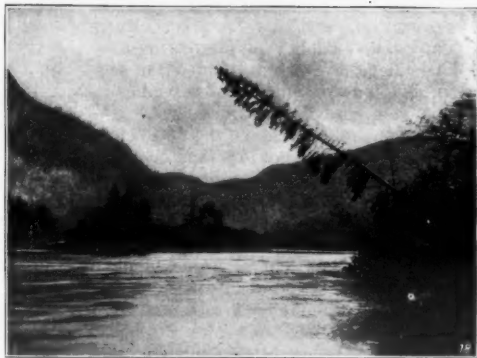


few miles from the city. It is estimated at fifteen hundred horse.

In "The Railway Contract," we read:

"For the purpose of providing power for the electric railway, under clause 97 of the contract, the Governor in Council shall have power to grant to the contractor the exclusive use of any of the lakes mentioned in the said clause. After such exclusive use has been granted as aforesaid, any person using, trespassing upon, or in any way interfering with the lake so granted, or the water thereof, shall be liable, upon summary conviction, to a fine of one hundred dollars or imprisonment for a term of three months. For the purpose of carrying the said clause into effect, it shall be lawful for the contractor to enter upon public or private lands, roads or highways, and to erect and construct such buildings, reservoirs, machinery, and other works as may be necessary; and also to dig and excavate the land for the purpose of laying pipes or mains, and also to erect poles and connect the same with wires, and to carry the said wires over or under the said land, and generally to do and carry out all such other works and things as may be necessary for the purposes set forth in the said clause."

Mr. Reid, in early life, followed the trade of stone mason. Now he moves about Europe in search of health, which he lost during a hard and adventurous career, while his sons stay in St. Johns and govern the country. They wear no robes of office, they do not even paint a crest on the doors of their car-



Shelbird Island.

riages, but they rule the colony with strong though gentle hands, and the Government sits behind them. The family reign is assured for fifty years. After that who will say what may happen. Some people grumble, others have nothing bad enough to say about the rule of Robert Gillespie Reid. But the men who work for him, from the wielder of the pick-axe to the man of tripod and compass, find no fault. Farm lands are being opened, giving homes and work to men who would otherwise starve at the fisheries in the clutches of the supply merchants. Most of the land is well suited for agriculture, being



Bay of Islands, Newfoundland.

a rich, brown loam. The agreement between the Government and Mr. Reid, concerning the possession of lands is an interesting one. The lands along the line are laid off in sections of one mile in length and ten miles in depth on each side of the track. The contractor has the right to make the first selection of a piece of land not less than one mile wide and not more than five miles in length. The Government takes the next acre. If the land is found to be barren or swamp, the next piece of desirable land may be taken. If Mr. Reid does not find desirable land to the full amount of his grant, close to his railway, he has the right to go more than ten miles from the line and pick out what he wants, mines, pastures or timber tracts. Mr. Reid has three years' time from date of contract, in which to select his land, and until he has completed his selections the Government may not dispose of any crown lands, timber or mineral rights, within ten miles of the line of railway. The Government reserves for itself such timber areas within fifteen miles of the sea as may be "considered necessary" for the purpose of providing timber or wood for ship-building, for the repairs of ships, for the purposes of the fishery and for firewood.

In the past many lovers of sport have come to Newfoundland from England, the United States and Canada. In the future still more will come to shoot through Mr. Reid's covers. The lakes are noisy with geese and ducks. At sunrise their cries and merry splashings disturb the lazy camper in his tent. It is no great matter to *flush* snipe and plover on a Sunday afternoon's walk just outside the capital. On the great "barrens" of the interior they swarm like sparrows in Central Park. The willow grouse and ptarmigan are plentiful in the woods and afford much the same kind of sport as does the Canadian ruffed grouse. Around the little islands in the bays the sea pigeons fly like black and white snow storms—if

such things could be. The plover comes down to Newfoundland after passing the berry season in Labrador, in fine condition for the gunner's frying-pan. Of big game in the island the caribou is king. He is simply a large edition of the Lapland reindeer. In September and October men in rough tweeds and leather leggings trail after him from dawn till dark. The scrubby woods, stilled by the first ache of frost, ring with the sharp reports of the rifles. The silent Mic-mac Indians, brought to the island for this purpose, guide the white men from cover to cover, and by signs in the snow that we cannot see, read the whereabouts of the game. Mr. Reid has opened up his covers to gunners of every degree by means of his railroad, but the Government taxes all outsiders the sum of \$1 before they may kill big game. The caribou feed over some 25,000 square miles of wilderness, and often run in herds of from two to six hundred head.

The rivers of Newfoundland are famous for their wonderful scenery and still more wonderful fishing. Trout and salmon, of sizes that I dare not put down on paper, leap in the rapids. Here honest fellows tell stories and are believed; in other countries we would turn away our heads and call them liars. Within easy reach from St. John's there are many good streams, but for the finest fishing one must visit the Exploit River, the Humber, and the great lakes of the interior. The photographs with this article show some likely bits of water.

Mr. Reid and his sons dream of shortening the trip between London and New York by fifty hours. Their own farm of Newfoundland will play a large part in this time-cutting scheme. From London to Holyhead by rail, by boat to Dublin, by rail to Galway Bay, by fast steamer to Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, by rail to Port-aux-Barques, by boat to North Sydney, Cape Breton, and from there by rail to New York.

# LOST ILLUSIONS

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER

Author of "The Loom of Destiny."

**I**T was a warm, showery April day, with little patches of sunlight every now and then.

The Home faced the Square, and in the Square were many trees, and in the trees were many sparrows—thousands of them, it seemed, and all of them trying to say that Spring had come. There was also a robin or two fluting away in their mellower contralto among the tall elms.

The air was so soft, and it smelt so much like Spring, that the Doctor, as he turned

to go out, told the Nurse that there was no reason why the windows might not be opened and the boy let sit up for a while.

So the Nurse wheeled the little white bed over beside the window and opened the sash. Then she made a sort of nest of the pillows and blanket, and lifted the boy up into it. This she did with a quiet alacrity, for she was used to such things.

"I tell you, young man, those are pretty thin legs of yours!" she said, not unkindly, as she tucked him in, for she liked the child.



"He felt as if he had sat there for years and years, and years."

The boy smiled weakly, but did not answer. Then the Nurse gave him his milk, with lime water in it, and brushed his scant yellow hair while he drank it. When he had finished she took the glass, gave a little touch to one of the pillows, and hurried away, for she had thirty other sick children to attend that morning.

Bliss—from the day he was born they had called him Bliss—sat quite still, watching the sun slip on and on through soft gray clouds with mother-of-pearl edges. Then, all of a sudden, it came out full and dazzling and golden, and lay in a patch of glaring yellow across his bed. He could feel it soaking in through the blankets. The feeling was new to him, and it ran up through his thin legs like wine.

On the maple outside two or three sparrows were twittering and chirping away as if they could never say all the good things they had to talk about. Further up the Square a hurdy-gurdy began to play. The strong sunlight had made Bliss' eyes droop, but at the sound of the hurdy-gurdy he suddenly opened them. He could not hear very much of the music, though he strained his ears painfully to catch the sounds. He, indeed, had never thought hurdy-gurdies could make such beautiful music. While he sat listening the Nurse softly opened the door and glanced in. She saw the quiet smile on the child's lips, and closed the door again, without speaking.

Then the hurdy-gurdy moved closer down the Square and began to play once more. This time he could hear it quite plainly. It mixed with the twittering of the sparrows and the calls of the robins in the elms. The smell of the buds came with it, too, and the dust that danced up and down so busily in the square of golden sunlight falling across the bed seemed a part of it.

How funny it all seemed, thought Bliss; how funny and familiar and old.

He said to himself that he felt as if he had sat there for years and years and years, and watched the same trees, and listened to the same birds, and heard the same hurdy-gurdy. No, it had not been years, but thousands and thousands of years. It sounded so old, and familiar, and reminiscent.

And the sunlight on the bed—he wondered where it could have been that he used to sit and watch the dust going up and down just the same as it was doing here. He sniffed the air lazily. It smelt very nice, with the perfume of the trees and some sort of blossoms that he could not see.

The breeze that blew in at the window in little gusts swayed the white curtain and made the warm patch of sunlight on the bed shrink up, and then grow bigger again. The hurdy-gurdy went away, and the birds seemed to stop for a while, and only a street cry or two came up from the Square. Bliss believed that he liked the quiet the best. It seemed as if the World had turned over, and then gone to sleep again. Something within him, some voice he had never felt before, seemed to be groping its way blindly up from his heart, and trying to express itself. He wanted to say something—to sing it—but he could find no words that would fit. It felt suddenly as if he had wings, and that he could drift airily up and down in blue ether far above the earth. He was so happy he felt that he must sing as nobody had ever sung in all the world before. But he could find no lines for the song, and only stretched his thin arms out helplessly into the warm patch of yellow sunlight.

Then a sudden terrible, mysterious loneliness stole over him. It seemed as if he had been alone all his life, and that everything was gray around him, and that the silence was so beautiful that he dare not speak to break it. He wondered if he could tell it all to the Nurse, and if she would understand. Then he knew she wouldn't, because he would not know how to begin, and it was one of those things Other People never understood. But the birds were singing again outside, and away up the Square another hurdy-gurdy had begun to play, and the blind was flapping lazily to and fro and letting the warm sunlight stream over him. It was all so poignantly lovely! The world was so strangely beautiful! Life was so unspeakably sweet!

The Nurse came in on tip-toe, for she had expected he would be asleep.

She slipped a clinic thermometer under his tongue, and sat on the bed looking into his eyes.

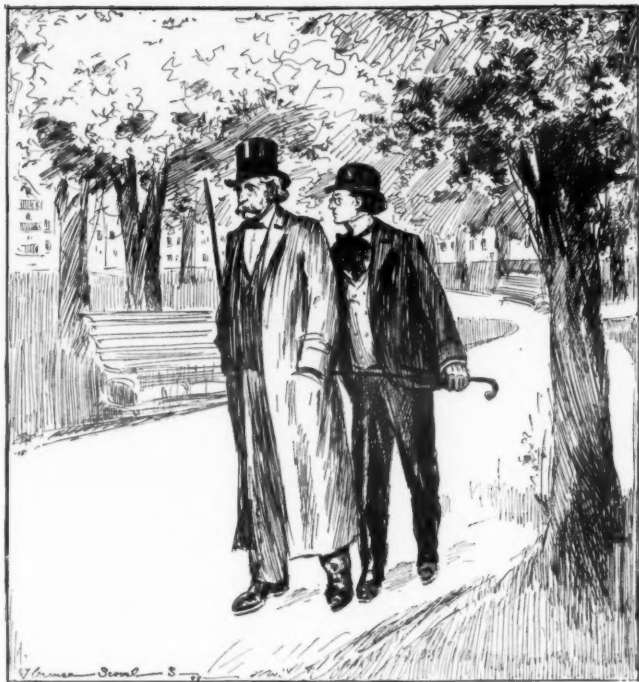
"How's temperature?" asked the Doctor, showing his head in the door.

"It's up two points," said the nurse, impassively.

"H'm! Then tell Simpson not to mind about the operating table. Friday will be soon enough."

The Nurse looked at the child and sighed. Bliss was gazing far out over the tree tops at the blue sky. He reached out his hand to take the Nurse's.

Without a moment's warning a torrent of



“How is it you have done so much, in one lifetime?”

sudden tears burst from his eyes, and his body shook with a passionate sob.

“Why, Bliss, what is it, dear?” asked the Nurse, for never before had the boy been known to do such a thing.

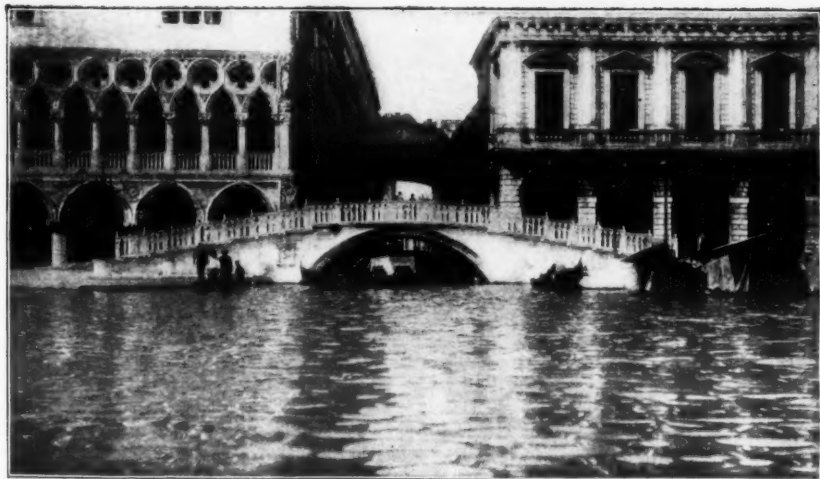
“I—I—don’t know what it is! I—I am so happy, and it is all so funny—but you can’t understand, Nurse. It’s inside here,” said the boy, putting his gaunt little hand over his heart and letting the tears rain down his cheeks unchecked, “an’ if I tried all my life I could never tell you, Nurse. No, never!”

“But how is it,” asked the Young Artist, as he walked arm-in-arm across the Square with The Great Man. “How is it you have done so much, in one life-time?”

The Great Man looked up at the tall old

trees. The smell of Spring was very sweet in the air.

“It has not been much,” he said. “And it is such a simple old story. A great deal of loneliness; a great deal of hard work; a little luck, perhaps; much misery; a little love; a few enemies, and a friend or two! But after all, it has not been much. As you grow older you will find that the work you want to do is the work you can never do. It is the elusive, the fugitive, the intangible idea that you will grope after so blindly, and yet so passionately. And yet you will never quite capture it. The spirit of it will steal over you at times, at rare moments, but it will be more a pain than a pleasure to you. You will feel it within you, and the greater you are the more you will feel it, and though you try and try all your life long to utter it, you can not and you could not do it. No, never!”



*Copyright, 1907, by W. D. Murphy.*

"Palace and Prison, Venice," by William D. Murphy.

## THE CAMERA CLUB OF NEW YORK

By THEODORE DREISER

THE spirit of the Camera Club is compounded of a warm enthusiasm for the beauty and the sentiment of the world. And in accordance with the very strength of this feeling it has become a beneficent influence among those who love beauty in photography. Not strange, then, that it is dominated by men of more or less poetic inspiration. They have a great opinion of their art and a truly rare insight into the beauties of nature. They have striven to make the club the honored parent of a new delight; to give it a scientific and educational turn, and so to invest its doings as a body with an authority that it shall reflect credit upon photography the world over.

To appreciate the work being done here we should know something of the new aspiration which actuates the masters of the camera. They desire to take rank in the eyes of the world as great artists. They believe that artistic photographs are only secured by artistic natures, and that great photographs are made only by great men. The camera is nothing, a mere implement, like a painter's brush. It is the soul of the man who manipulates it that gives every

picture secured its value. These leaders of the photographic art propose to force the world to accept their contention that photographs may be artistic treasures, and their labors are unswervingly directed toward this end. They teach their doctrine of superiority to the photographic beginners of the club. They set it forth in lectures and criticisms, and a club journal. They argue for it with directors of museums, and the officers of the various art bodies throughout the land, which make exhibitions of paintings and art treasures. Their one desire is to make the club so large, its labors so distinguished and its authority so final, that they may satisfactorily use its great prestige to compel recognition for the individual artists without and within its walls. Like all promulgators of a new idea, they are enthusiasts, and their claims more or less exaggerated.

Until 1884 the photographic interests of the country were neither large enough nor artistic enough to warrant an organization of any kind, representative of the art or its ambitions. At that time, the occasion having arrived, the Society of Amateur Photog-

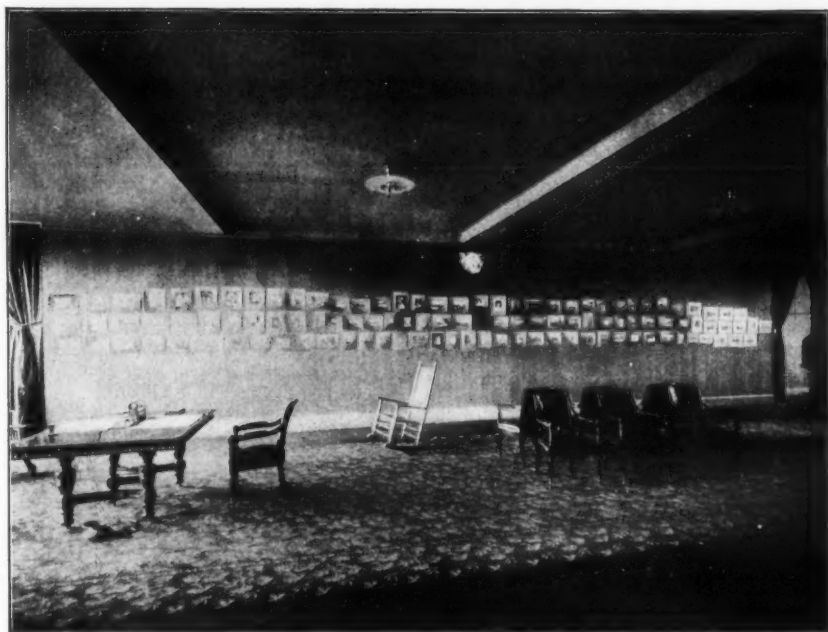


raphers was formed, with only a very few members and a large number of objects. Those who joined were men who had proved to their own satisfaction, and that of others, that there were distinct art possibilities in the sensitive plate. Each one had made a few pictures. They wished to make more and better ones, and above all they wished for advice. It was really a plan to cultivate social acquaintance with men who had done interesting things with the camera, and so gain by their experience. It was rather an exclusive body, composed chiefly of men of some talent in the photographic field. This left room for a more liberal body, composed of photographers and would-be photographers, who could lay no claim to achievement, but who were ambitious to learn. As was to be expected, it was eventually occupied by the old Camera Club, an organization formed exactly on these lines. It came into existence in 1888 and struggled along rather feebly until in 1896, when it united with the Society of Amateur Photographers and began its present prosperous career.

The reason that neither of the two societies flourished was due to the fact that each body lacked what the other had. The Ama-

teurs had artistic talent to compel recognition and position. It lacked numbers and revenue to give it corporate greatness and importance. The Camera Club had numbers and revenue, but no talent to compel recognition and public esteem. When the two combined the result was almost immediate growth and action. Those in the Camera Club began to feel the educative and regenerative influence of the talented amateurs, who freely gave of their experience. The latter in turn enjoyed the advantages of a revenue which would permit them to take the practical and artistic steps so necessary to every lover of photography. A liberal working establishment had been the dream of both bodies, and with the union came the realization, a ten-thousand-dollar photographic plant, which is as free and as ready to the hand of every member as his own household.

That the club has flourished is unquestionably due to its ideals. It is because those who joined it have been taught concerning the practical and awakened to the artistic. No mere matter of club privileges has worked so great a success. Large as these are, the inspiration received is more bind-



An Exhibition at the Camera Club.

ing. He is initiated into a conception of the club's ideals. He is familiarized by frequent exhibits with the rare work of its chief members. Indeed, he is shoulder to shoulder with the leaders of the art, who, after the boasted spirit of the club, are ready to advise and correct; to give of their full and often costly experience to those who stand in need of it.

The present quarters of the club are in Twenty-ninth street, near Fifth avenue, where they occupy an entire floor of the building. The members are pleased with what most clubmen would object to—the

not in furniture. More attention has been paid to the arrangement of five hundred lockers, where each member keeps whatever relates to his work. Practical judgment has been exercised in equipping the dark rooms with every convenience which aids in the proper development and printing of a picture. Here are electric lights arranged so that the most perfect gradation of development may be had. Whatever chemicals are necessary are also present and free. Best of all, there is what no home-equipped dark room could have, a vast amount of experience and knowledge, ready outside the door.



Workroom at the Camera Club.

fact that all the club's rooms are on one floor and not scattered, variously, as in the more purely social organizations. The space which it covers—5,000 square feet—is divided into one general reception and lounging room, a suite of offices for the executives, a library, a huge working room, filled with cameras and lockers, and twelve dark rooms. There is, in addition, a well-appointed studio on the roof of the building which offers the members facilities for portraiture under ideal conditions.

The paraphernalia of the club is simple enough, almost severe, but the equipment is

Several of the most able and justly famous artists are connected in an official capacity with the club, and upon their wisdom the perplexed worker in the dark room is free to draw. There are a dozen cameras scattered about the room, large and small, which any member may use at any time; and, lastly, there is always an exhibit of some artist's work on the walls, which constitutes in itself a lexicon of photographic wisdom.

To the beginner who has spent some months wrestling with his new fad and its representative, a small camera, this atmos-

there is certainly pleasing. Entering from an individual state in which he has worked alone in his more or less incomplete dark room at home, he must feel the privileges which the club offers. During a single month he will pass from the beginning to

ters is exacting far beyond the pale of humble human accomplishment.

And yet it occasionally serves to make an humble student of a self-opinionated and self-exaggerated individuality. A case in point is a now distinguished member who came from Brooklyn.

"I was fine in Brooklyn," he remarked one time. "My experience there gave me a good opinion of my work. I began to make lantern slides and exercised my individual taste, with the result that my work was admired. Gradually I began to exhibit it more and more. I joined a local club whose fad was lantern slides and became a star member. Finally I gained such repute that I decided to come to New York and astonish them. I decided that I would quietly enter my plates for exhibition, and, in the vernacular, 'sweep 'em off their feet.'"

"Well?" I inquired as he mused reflectively.

"Oh, I exhibited. They walked on me. One of my pictures made them laugh, and it was intended to be sad. There were twenty-seven objections made to another. My best one came off easy with three criticisms, and all valid. Oh, lord! I thought I would never get out alive."

"Were they fair?"

"Yes; that was the bitter thing. I could



The Camera Club, Assembly Room.

the end of practical picture-making. One evening of each week the club holds its weekly test of lantern slides, where new work in this line may be seen and the criticism of the club's experts on the same be heard. On another evening of each week occurs the regular lecture on "Practical Photography," in which now one and now another phase of the work is discussed. Less frequently, and at irregular periods, come lectures by members or others who have specialized in some branch of the art, and who now offer a detail of their failures and achievements.

The lantern slide tests are most important, as they include an assemblage of half a hundred amateurs, some of them the most expert in the land, who offer freely of their advice and experience. The student who may be new to the field meets with men who are most distinguished—stars of a heretofore unreal world—who extend to him a serviceable and wholesome opinion. His lantern slides may be critically torn to pieces, but his store of knowledge will be proportionately enlarged. He has also the consolation of knowing that, if in this instance he has endured the rack, all those who have gone before, or who may follow, will scarcely fare better. Very few photos are perfect, and the critical zeal of the camera mas-



Assembly Room, Looking Toward Entrance.

realize that it was all kindly said and meant, and was good for me. After it was all over, one gentleman, who noted my crest-fallen state, came up and told me that my work was not bad. It was only the high standard of the club that laid it open to so much

criticism. This was too much, and I went home in despair."

"And yet you profited by it."

"It was the best thing that could have happened. I began studying in earnest after that, merely to blot out my terrible defeat. In another year I exhibited again, and the whole set passed the 'test' audience with only a few suggestions."

And yet the club is not hard on any aspiring member. The veriest tyro may drop in to the chambers at any hour with a few exposed plates to develop and learn in a half hour, from the experts of the land, more than he has been able to acquire in months of solitary plodding. He sees the busy members at work printing, mounting, burnishing, and making slides day after day, and with-

sympathetic representations are still the wonder and despair of the beginner; Chas. I. Berg, distinguished for the classic and architectural flavor of all that he has done in the photographic way; W. A. Fraser, the photographer of so many brilliant night scenes; W. E. Carlin, who has specialized as the aid and abettor of the natural historian; Miss Frances B. Johnstone, the portrait artist, and W. D. Murphy, the photographic Ishmael. All of these men have accomplished something, many of them a great deal, and it is the contemplation of their art and the distinction that has accrued to them because of it that lifts the average worker in the club out of the routine of average accomplishment and fills him with a desire to do something better.



*Copyright, 1897, by A. Stieglitz.*

"Fifth Avenue at Night," by Alfred Stieglitz.

out asking even a question, he may often gather information sufficient to serve his needs. Certainly the recited experiences heard on every hand are to the point with him, and the library stored with all that pertains to the literature of the subject is open for his consideration. Lastly, the complete educational trend, so far as photography is concerned, of all that is said and done makes an atmosphere which is unquestionably conducive to growth and artistic understanding of the subject.

Atmospheres are the result of distinct personalities, and this of the Camera Club issues as the persuasive spirit of its chief exponents. It has among its active and interested members Alfred Stieglitz, that guiding light of the whole American photographic contingent; Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., whose

Mr. Alfred Stieglitz is not only vice-president of the club, but the founder and editor of its distinguished organ. He spends the major portion of every day in the rooms of the club. His influence on development is not so much understood as felt. No man has done subjects more widely apart in conception and feeling, and none has done better. He has no specialty, and apparently no limitation. In every branch in which amateurs have specialized and distinguished themselves he has proved himself superior. If he has one desire it is to do new things—not new in an erratic way, but only new as showing to all the sentiment and tender beauty in subjects previously thought to be devoid of charm.

He may be justly said to lead. There is that in his pictures which gives value to the



Copyright, 1897, by R. Eickemeyer, Jr.

"The Day's Work Done," by Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr.

masterpieces in every field of art. Some of his work has all the charm that poetic insight can devise. It was said of his "Winter on Fifth Avenue," far back among the early examples of his art, that it was "a lucky hit." The driving sleet and the uncomfortable atmosphere issued out of the picture with uncomfortable persuasion. It had the

tone of reality. But *lucky hit* followed *lucky hit*, until finally the accusation would explain no more, and then *talent* was substituted.

His attitude toward the club has come to be the club's attitude toward the world. He openly avows that he has planned to accomplish three things: First, to elevate the standard of pictorial photography in



Copyright, 1897, by C. I. Berg.

"A Study," by Charles I. Berg.

this country; second, to establish an annual national exhibition, giving no awards, but whose certificate of admission should be prize-worthy above all medals; and third, to establish a national academy of photography. That he will accomplish these ends is almost certain. His work in uniting the two withered photographic organizations into one of the wealthiest and most useful clubs of the nation augurs well for his other plans. So far he has succeeded in gaining for photographs an entrance into several notable art exhibits, namely, those of Boston and Philadelphia. As to the national academy, it is his ambition to see the Camera Club develop into that.

The club is not so much indebted to Rudolph Eickemeyer, and yet in part belongs to him the vigor of its aspiration. He undoubtedly ranks with the very greatest of living photographers. Imperfect as some of his studies are, no other photographer outreaches him in delicate sentiment. In those pictures in which he does exercise conservative methods he is superb. In those in which he is over-sentimental, it is fortunate that they do not. For he does err in this direction, and sometimes sadly. Again his work is not broad—does not cover a very wide range of subjects. His greatest achievements have been bits of landscape which seem to present all that can charm in either earth

or sky. His figures and groups have made him most popular, however, and in them he has done exceedingly well. They remind you, in a certain way, of old German and Dutch paintings, everything being carefully arranged and showing a trace of almost forced order. And yet they are immensely clever, as witness "Vesper Bells," here reproduced. Its beauty would not cause an outcry, and yet it is so tender and delicate as to leave the imagination soothed and charmed.

From the old point of view, held by the generation of photographers which preceded the present one, Mr. Eickemeyer's work is perfect in technique. It would be generally termed clean and sprightly. It is not all the simple impression of the camera, sometimes showing an oppressive shade of retouching. Only a brother artist would dare to criticize, however, for to the uninitiated they are perfect art, and in so



Copyright, 1896, by A. Stieglitz.

"The Letter Box," by Alfred Stieglitz.



much serve the purpose of all art which is to delight and correct and inspire.

Between Stieglitz and Eickemeyer and Chas. I. Berg the club fares well enough. When one is not forward with something of interest the other two are sure to make up the deficiency. Mr. Berg is a goodly patron of the club, and a giver of prizes as well as a great photographer. His work is of a kind that will never have a marked influence on the higher phases of pictorial art as now conceived of; but it is nevertheless beautiful in part. His field is figure studies of a decorative turn, nude or draped. Being an architect, he has had some of the ad-

closely identified with it ever since. Some of his earliest exhibitions made seven or eight years ago were here, which since then have been made all over the world. A little bit slovenly in his technique—a failing which shows occasionally in a background where the accessories are much poorer than they need be, he is still a good, honest workman, great in comparison with the common photographer, and always a student. Unlike Eickemeyer, he has not stopped growing.

Quite the most distinguished of all the club's women photographers is Miss Francis B. Johnston, of Washington, who was originally an amateur far above the average. At



Copyright, 1928, by F. Huber Hoge.

"Moonlight Off the Battery," by F. Huber Hoge.

vantages which that profession renders, and he has used them in so marked a manner that all of his photos possess an architectural flavor. Much of his work has been inspired by famous paintings after which he has posed his models, and yet even in these there is a certain artistic and unusual merit.

Mr. Berg believes in the mission of the club not so much as a social institution, but as the forerunner and parent of a great awakening to the artistic possibilities of the camera. He has found it of advantage and inspiration to himself from the very beginning. Indeed, it had started on its career when he first began to photograph twelve years ago, and he has been more or less

that time she had fine sentiment and rare technique of an old order. Unfortunately for the art-loving public, though not for herself or her patrons, she drifted into commercial work. Even there, where it could have no especial individuality, it still has certain refinement and none of the bad qualities of trade.

At the time first mentioned, Miss Johnston was an ardent artist with a specialty which was portraiture. She gave exhibitions in which negatives long since counted rarities in the art were shown. Her "Gainsborough Girl," one of the best of her later works, is still going the rounds of the exhibits, and some others of hers have not

been forgotten. She was also an ardent worker in the course of the amateur and art photography in America, and did her best in the public prints to make the various masters who had sprung up well known. With the advent of her own commercial success her enthusiasm was curbed by individual interests to the extent of putting an end to exhibition pictures by her except at the rarest intervals. Still, her work and her career is to-day a living influence in the club, and examples of the best of her work, exhibited now and then, never fail to enlist the applause and the emulation which they deserve.

Another specialist whom the club has fostered, and who in turn has reflected credit upon the spirit and ideals of that organization, is Mr. W. A. Fraser, a New York business man, whose specialty is night scenes. This is no longer so novel as it was a year or two ago, though it has not lost any of its charm. The photographer in this case is an excellent one, possessing that first quality of genius, patience. He has some taste and sympathy, and a good-natured faculty of weathering storm and public opinion for hours at night getting photographic impressions of some of the glittering night scenes about New York. The subject is not wholly his own, having been originated, one might say, by Mr. Stieglitz, and since entered into by other amateurs, who, be it said to the credit of Mr. Fraser, have not been wholly so successful as he.

A third specialist who has been aided and abetted by the club is Mr. A. L. Simpson,

who has for years pursued the rumbling fire engine in its diurnal and nocturnal meanderings in the quest of fire pictures. He is not a great photographer by any means, if endurance and energy be not greatness, but his subject is a peculiar one, and his pictures absorbingly interesting. He has photographed fires for nearly twelve years, with the result that out of tens of thousands of negatives taken he has a number of hundreds which are gems of the curious and thrilling order. Everything from incipient

flames to startling escapes and crashing walls are told by his unique collection.

And there are others, much of this order, who, not being masters, are yet individual and above the crowd.

The club advocates the idea thoroughly, believing it to be an incentive to greater things. "Every man should at least have a specialty," say the leaders, "for if they do no more than illustrate one phase of life graphically they put the camera one step higher in the commercial and scientific world, and illustrate its

value as nothing else can."

The world a little prefers beauty set forth by great or little labor to any practical or utilitarian energy, however ingeniously and sympathetically undertaken and executed, and so the true artist of the camera is always first in interest. To see him at labor is to understand the wonder of that insight which can feel and know the presence of that spirit of beauty which ever dances before us, across hills and fields, but is so rarely captured and made our own.



Copyright, 1898, by A. Stieglitz.

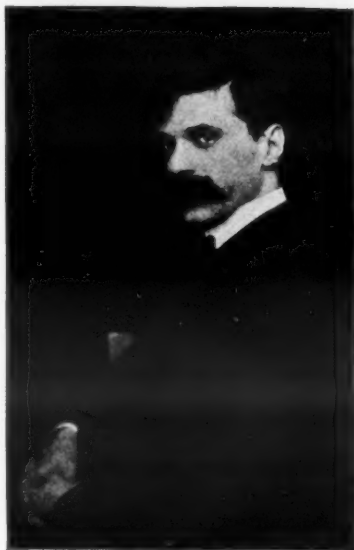
"A Daisy Field," by Alfred Stieglitz.

And so I have thought it well to append a statement by one of the club's distinguished trio, Mr. Rudolph Eickemeyer, who has explained most sympathetically the steps by which we came at last to that final realization of beauty which is in the picture "Vesper Bells," here reproduced:

"My camera and I have pastured on a few old farms every Sunday for five years, rain or shine, in all seasons, and we find so much to occupy us that we have grown to look upon this territory as inexhaustible, so we may never go to Europe together.

"Nearly all my contributions to photographic literature deal with this deserted section of Westchester County. It is getting to be a task to write a new description of the odd hours in which the picture illustrating this article was taken. For it is the same old house, built a century ago with low, slanting roof, and large chimneys telling of huge fire-places and comfort within. A winding road leads to it, and standing back from the main highway, at the foot of a high hill, crested with chestnut trees, it looks decidedly picturesque, quaint and old.

"It was a hot summer day when my wife and I drove over to the farm, on which this house stands, to spend the day. The milk-room was the coolest place in the house, and there we found an old lady shelling peas. This room is more easily described

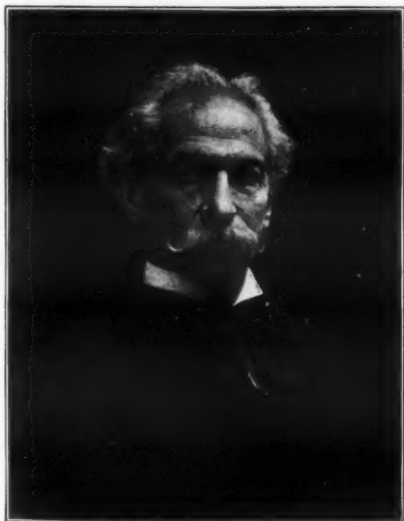


*Hollinger photo.*

Alfred Stieglitz.

than illustrated with a photograph. It is about twenty feet square with a low ceiling. Standing upright, I could just walk between the rafters. The side-walls were stone. On the north side were two little windows, near which, and running the full length of the room was a double shelf covered with pans of milk and garden produce. The room was whitewashed throughout, shelves, ceiling, side walls. The place where the old lady sat was near the door and away from the two little windows. The light about, therefore, was dim and quite lost upon her. I had her stand near the windows in order that I might see the effect of the wall back of her and note the light on her face.

"After moving the shelves and other appurtenances out of the way, I photographed her shelling peas. When the print was made I studied it closely. Regarding it as a picture, it seemed coarse, and I realized that I should have to depict her in some other attitude or occupation if I would bring out the true refinement of her character. The picture, however, served its use; it showed the possibilities of this little corner of the milk-room. The following Saturday was cloudy, and the light insufficient for photographing, but the time was not lost. I placed a bench in the corner for my model, and put a potted geranium in one of the windows.



*Copyright, 1897, by A. Stieglitz.*

Portrait by Alfred Stieglitz.



*Copyright, 1897, by R. Eickemeyer, Jr.*

"Vesper Bells," by Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr.

This brightened up the corner and it began to look less prison-like, reminding me of the cozy interiors so common in the Tyrol, and in South Germany. I recalled the simple but impressive devotion of the people there at the tolling of the bell for prayers, and before the morning had passed I had planned the following Saturday's work. My crucifix from Oberammergau should be placed on

the vacant wall space to the right and the old lady seated in the corner would bow in prayer at the sound of the vesper bell.

"The result of this plan is shown in the second picture. The close quarters made the work trying, as the day was hot. Although the sun was shining bright, the plate required fifteen second's exposure, so weak was the light from the windows. Anticipat-

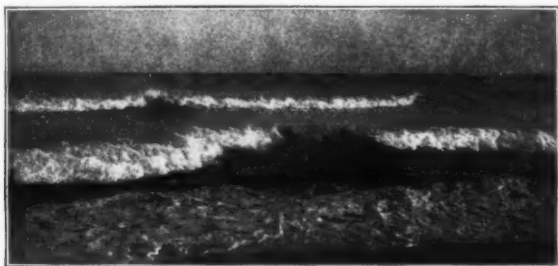
ing this, I had brought with me a head rest, which proved to be a relief for my model, as the task of posing was not easy on account of her eighty odd years. I had given so much time and trouble to the making of this picture that it took some time for me to realize that it was not yet complete, and that all would have to be done over again.

"The moment I began to distrust the success of my effort that moment the faults began to be apparent. First of all, I thought, why should the old lady be seated in the corner with nothing to do? She should be reading, or, upon second thought, she would better be knitting, as this would enable me to cover up the bare space on the bench with a ball of yarn; besides the monotonous dress front would be relieved by the stocking in her lap, and the composition would thus be made more complete. The picture would then show that the old lady on hearing the bell had dropped her work, folded her hands, and bowed her head in solemn prayer. The crucifix, too, I saw, should be less prominent, and the background much darker, giving the figure 'envelope,' then the composition as a whole would have a beautiful balance of light and shade. All very true, but this meant another Saturday, the fourth one since the first picture was taken. On the fourth Saturday everything went as I had planned it. The light was perfect. A sheet was used to illuminate the deep shadows on the model's face. This would, of course, render the whole corner lighter, but such a defect would be corrected by developing the exposed plates locally, allowing but a trace of the developer to touch the background or the window. In this way the whitewashed walls were given the proper degree of depth and density, and the old lady's face was lighted up and brought out in strong relief. It will be seen that after all the carefully laid plans, to

make a harmonious picture, my labor would have gone for naught had the plates been treated in the ordinary commercial way.

"The question may be asked whether the resulting picture is a success and commensurate with the labor of producing it? This is neither here nor there. I have taken the reader into my confidence for another purpose: To teach him among other things a lesson in patience. Telling him to study his subjects carefully that he may get the most out of them, not to stop when he has made a mere photograph. And to remind him, moreover, that his camera should be a means of translating his artistic sentiment without which his work will be merely a record of cold and lifeless facts."

Whether the club is eventually to give us a national academy of photography or itself to merge into that desirable institution after Mr. Stieglitz's idea, remains to be seen. In the latter case it will need to be endowed as colleges are, and so open a large and commodious building, where an accepted course of study, with thoroughly competent men as instructors, may be followed. For this course there should be a professor of chemistry and of optics, to teach concerning the theoretical part, and others to teach the technical side exposure, lighting, development, printing in all the mediums; lantern slide making, enlarging, and so on, that the student might gain the greatest possible understanding and control of his tools. Besides these there should be classes in drawing, composition, design, clay modeling, and even painting, supplemented by a thorough study of the works of the masters old and new. In a word, it would be a place where one would receive the same art training as a painter, together with a more complete technical schooling than is given anywhere at present, and step by step, this aim is being accomplished.



Copyright, 1890, by W. D. Murphy.

"Waves," by William D. Murphy.



*Dunturff  
photo.*

Mrs. Linda Hull Larned.

Founder of the School of Domestic Science at Syracuse.

## THE SOLVING OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM

By HELEN C. CANDEE

"**I**NTELLIGENCE offices are but snares; I will advertise," is what she said when the throne of the kitchen was vacant. And so she sat down to compose the advertisement. "All my troubles have come through Irish girls," she reflected—forgetting that she had never had any other sort to blame, "so I will try something else, Swedes or Germans, they make good servants." So the advertisement specified the nationality, sketched lightly the manner of work to be done, and frankly mentioned a modest wage.

Not a single applicant rang the entrance bell of the expectant lady's house. A day or two later she advertised again, a little

chagrined, and this time, instead of being a list of stipulations, her advertisement cowered into an appeal. Attractions were offered and detriments concealed.

Almost before breakfast was over the bell began to ring. Applicants came so fast that two rooms had to be set apart for them, one where "the lady" could hold private interviews and another where the women waited their turn, glaring at each other in intolerant enmity.

They were of all sorts: The raw-boned, old-fashioned type with shawl and bonnet; the pert, unconquered girl with square feet crowded into pointed shoes; the dissipated, the timorous. Summoning all her knowledge



of human nature, the advertiser took her pick and dismissed all the others. There was an uncomfortable moment while the flock moved downward, for the disappointed were ready with comment, nor cared longer to dissemble. "Small loss. You can easy tell what kind o' folks they are by rugs hangin' on the walls an' vases standin' on the floor," was flung out by one of the defeated, to the ill-concealed joy of the others.

No, the end of the story is not that the servant selected was a treasure. Quite the contrary. Each day she developed some new ignorance. But she had all the Christian virtues, and these saved her. She neither drank, stole, got into tempers, nor wilfully wasted. But no words could tell the profundity and variety of her ignorance. For the trial week she did fairly well, the cooking was passable, and the washing not bad.

But one day she developed a "follower," and she, the colossal, middle-aged elephant, became a giggling girl, as flighty as a red balloon. The mating season came late with her, for she acknowledged to forty years, and completely absorbed her mature attention. Meals were forgot, the kitchen gathered dirt, last week's wash lingered in the lap of this week, while ever and anon an Italian tailor haunted the kitchen like a bit of opera chorus.

Of course the incumbent had to go; and then followed a long line of operatives, from every nation and of every degree of incapability, until the luckless family were driven into hotel life, although holding such sentiments as, "The home makes the nation," "The menace of the American people is the hotel," etc.

If this case were not typical, it would not be interesting. But are not our experiences all similar? It may not be the cook who errs; it may be the waitress; or, worse yet, the baby's nurse; but we all have trouble, and all taste of the bitter wafer known as the servant problem.

A woman in airing her woes of a domestic sort spoke with the greatest intolerance of the servant class. "They are not frank and honest in conversation, but will lie to hide a fault; they are impertinent under reproof, their ways are coarse, they are as foolish and skittish as children," were some of the things she urged against them.

"My dear," responded a wise friend, "that's just the very reason why they are servants."

Alas! as matters now are, it is too true that the position of servant is so undesirable

that the profession is recruited only from the ranks of the ignorant, the unrefined, the timorous, and the oppressed.

It is a shocking reflection on the ultra civilization of the day. Whose fault is it? It is mortifying to say it is the fault of women, but no other deduction is possible. If there is one department in life where even the most tyrannous of men are wont to let women have their way it is in the management of servants, so we cannot fasten the blame elsewhere.

What is the principal fault in the system as it now stands? Mainly these two things: High wages paid to the ignorant laborer, and a condition of absolute servility which repels the intelligent worker.

To proceed after the manner of sermonizers, we will take up the first point.

If one goes to buy cloth, the higher price paid for it the better the quality, and so we grow accustomed to the idea that the more money we part with, the better the quality of the goods procured. In a perfectly logical, but notably unsuccessful, way we apply the same principles to the labor market. You are having trouble to get a good cook, have changed until you would find as much difficulty in telling off the names of the winter's file as in reciting a list of the kings of England. At last, in desperation, you decide to offer two dollars a month more, thinking it better to save the extra outlay in some other way. Does relief come with the higher-priced cook? "It matters not whether you pay sixteen dollars or forty, the price makes no difference in the quality; it is only a matter of courage or timidity in demanding," sighed a housekeeper who would have bought peace at any price, but to whom it came not.

This is one of the wrongs which housekeepers can right, by remunerating labor according to its worth, and not according to its demands. A woman who offers herself as a servant, and has no knowledge of the work she contracts to do, cannot in justice receive good wages, nor should she expect her employer to be her teacher and educate her to a higher market value.

All over the country are housekeepers of modest income who can only afford to pay twelve or fourteen dollars a month for a servant. This money procures a "green-horn" whose feet are more accustomed to bogs than rugs, and whose gayest flights of culinary fancy rise no higher than the steerage fare of the steamer on which she crossed. She may not even know the Eng-



A Cooking Class in the School of Domestic Science.

lish language. She is simply a bundle of raw material out of which the patient housekeeper hews a servant, paying her the while for the privilege. When the greenness has passed away, and the woman has become familiar with a few facts in housework, she leaves for higher wages, and the mistress, who cannot pay more, takes another *nouvelle arrivée*, and commences over again.

Can any one think this is right, that the housekeepers of the land who are poor in pocket should educate free the women who are to be the servants of the rich when sufficiently trained?

Now we will take up the other particular fault in the servant problem, or, rather, in the servant system, which is largely the cause of the problem. There is the case of Jessie Martin. She is an American of foreign parentage, one of those girls which our climate and our social atmosphere produce, bright, adaptable, independent. She must earn her living. Which way does she look for employment? To the factory, the shop, the office—never to the field of domestic service. Why? The other positions only yield her enough to pay her board; in this her board is "found," and the wages are all clear gain. But Jessie tosses her head at the idea of any lady becoming the commander of her time, days, evenings and Sundays, and of giving any one the right to enter her room at all times, to criticize or exclude her friends, and to deny her the American freedom of retaliatory speech.

And Jessie is right. The days of slavery are over. Mistresses cannot be absolute autocrats like a captain on the high seas. It is a survival of feudal days, this idea that a servant is bought, mind and body, and has to suffer respectfully the tyrannies and caprices of an inconsiderate mistress. So long as mistresses insist on this attitude, so long will women of a superior intelligence refuse to enter domestic service.

Jessie wants a little liberty, wants to satisfy a very human longing for companionship, and for these she is willing to sacrifice an advantageous wage.

Another thing deters her from entering domestic service. It is the stigma attached to the position of servant. In the name of all that is progressive, why should this be? The labor is dignified, and families could not exist without it—why is it despised?

Jessie tries to persuade herself out of the idea. She picks up a Sunday newspaper and her eye falls on a page of "comics," all ridiculing and exaggerating the ways of ser-

vants, who are represented pictorially as grotesque and contemptible. Then again, Jessie sees on every board fence life-size pictures of "The Slavey," a maid-of-all-work who is the universal butt and scape-goat. She overhears two ladies talking of a third; one says in scorn, "Mrs. Blank is positively vulgar; she looks like a *cook*!" "I never walk out on Sunday afternoon," says another in Jessie's hearing; "it is the biddies' day."

It is no wonder that a bright, independent girl like Jessie resolves that no fate shall compel her to take a position where the flings and arrows of outrageous tongues shall fit her case.

Because matters seem to be getting worse instead of better, even in England, where servants are so perfect in training and behavior, a change will soon come; in fact, it has already begun. When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses. In this case Moses is represented by the school of domestic science, and Israel never needed the deliverer more than modern housekeepers need some way of improving present conditions.

There is a beautiful sentence that teachers of domestic science use, one which drags the housekeeper onto the mountain tops of inspiration. This is the way it reads: "Housekeeping is a science, house-work a trade, and home-making an accomplishment." All the difficulties of the present and the promises of the future are here squeezed into one tiny capsule to roll under the tongue and let its sweet savor bring delight.

A few women gathered together two or three years ago to hear one or two learned men talk on domestic matters. The humor of the thought attracted the audience. But the lecturers fell into no traps and gave no receipts for lollipops, but instead talked about the plumbing and heating of houses and their relations to disease. It was a new idea that housekeeping included a knowledge of things which seemed to belong to the province of the plumber only. Some one then lectured on milk, revealing the dangers from tubercular cattle, telling of the importance of cooking milk from unknown cows, to save the family from consumption.

These are stirring subjects, more fitting food for the intellect than is the cook-book, which was until recently the only housekeeping literature.

Then these ladies understood that housekeeping, instead of being an unthinkable

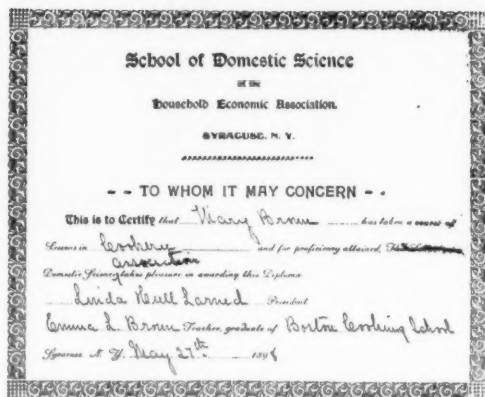
drudgery, was a science, not to be picked up haphazard, but to be studied by good minds.

The household scientist cannot pursue her business alone. This dignified worker must have skilled assistants who would carry out her ideas, and who would work intelligently. "I will teach my cook myself," said a lady of fine purpose. So she proceeded kitchenward and gave the operative a lesson on yeast germs, why they made bread rise, and why they should not be scalded, and why they need warmth to grow. She thought she made her lecture clear, for she mixed the bread herself to illustrate her words. "Yes'm, I understand," said the cook. "I'll always have good bread now; I'll do as you did, mix it with a spoon."

The amateur lecturer fled her presence, groaning, and established at once a school for domestic science where housework might be learned as a trade.

There are many, many women with many, many domestic trials, but as a rule ignorance is the cause of them all, and this is what the school of domestic science will remedy. First there is the ignorance of mistresses, for there are, in proportion, just as many unjust, overbearing, ignorant mistresses as there are untrained servants. The mistress' ignorance is not of the same sort, but it is less excusable. No one who employs servants should be uninformed on the principles of labor and its wage, on the rights of the employee, as well as on the chemistry of food, its preparation, the menace to health offered by dirt, poor plumbing, lack of ventilation, etc. Servants are more or less like children, or like sheep in the care of a shepherd, and a great love for human kind will govern them better than an autocratic bearing. The school for domestic science provides ample means of clearing away the ignorance of servants, giving them superior wisdom in the arts that go to make a family comfort-

able, and an understanding of the dignity of their own position. When housework becomes universally recognized as a trade, one practiced only by skilled workers, girls of the Jessie Martin class will not hesitate to enter it, and the homes of the country will be more worthy of inclusion in the common trinity



Facsimile of Diploma Awarded at the School of Domestic Science.

of "mother, home and heaven."

There is in Syracuse, N. Y., a school which may be used as a model by any progressive women who wish to better the servant problem in the places where they live. It is mentioned because its work has passed the tentative and experimental stages and is an established success. Its founder is Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, who is unceasingly active in extending the work of the school. Perhaps the deduction may be truly made that all such institutions need some strong, enthusiastic, unselfish woman at their head. And perhaps that is true of every philanthropy. Briefly, Mrs. Larned stimulated the housekeepers of Syracuse into co-operation, for that is unalterably the first step. They promised to send pupils to the new school, either daughters or servants, and to show their own interest by occasional visits to the school while classes were in session. A woman's club, known as the Household Economic, held up an end of the work by lectures to mistresses on topics of interest to all who dwell in houses or who rear children, and the work of the school was devoted to cooking lessons of a glorified sort.

Women have been "managing" husbands ever since the marriage of Eve, but the founder of the school at Syracuse set about to "manage" the business men of the city to put the new venture on its feet. The word charity must not be connected with any such school, or the prospective pupils would flout the project; therefore the business principle of *quid pro quo* was adhered to by Mrs. Larned. First, an equipped kitchen of the latest pattern was needed,

which luxury means an outlay of two or three hundred dollars. After a frank, practical talk with the managers of the city gas company, they decided to give to the school the space in the back of their commodious store, and to equip it with gas ranges and gas cooking tables, throwing in the pots and pans as good measure. The advantage to them was directing the attention of housekeepers to the use of gas ranges and of gas as a fuel.

The haphazard ways of cooking which make an uncertainty of result, could have no place in this scientific laboratory, so a teacher was secured who could triumphantly wave a Drexel Institute diploma in the faces of the incredulous. Her salary and her time were shared with two other institutions, for economy was necessary in the experimental stage.

But money had to be raised, and this is how it was done. The local merchants and newspapers were told of the scheme, and were invited to contribute ten dollars each—the price of a year's scholarship. By naming this for the donor, the money was charged to advertising accounts. The girl to whom was given the scholarship, was a living, cooking reminder of the firm's interest in the growth of improvement. As a matter of fact, it is not difficult to persuade a man to help a cause which has as its object the elevation of the standard of his table. He will gladly listen to a scheme that is to make his daily food more delicious than any his palate has yet experienced. Away down in the poor quarters of cities, they say that men take to drink, and even desert their wives, all because their ill-cooked food is uneatable. So, if a poor cook can rend the marriage tie and make a father flee his babes, by palpable deduction the opposite should keep him in his ingle-nook. The American husband is the best in the world, and is worthy of all consideration, and he it is that the school of domestic science aims to benefit.

Housekeepers, too, subscribed to scholarships, in the experimental year of the Syracuse school, and appointed women to fill them, sometimes a faithful servant worthy the outlay, and sometimes the daughter of the house who contemplated matrimony. I saw one of the latter at work on her first lesson in frying. There was every reason why she should know how to cook, for her fiancé was to take her to a prairie ranch where she would be maid as well as mistress. Her task was to form some cold oat-

meal into croquettes, and coat them with the necessary egg and crumbs, a performance not above the ability of the houseworker whose kitchen is under the apple tree, and whose dough is moistened earth; and yet this young woman, blushing with embarrassment, spoiled six croquettes before she rolled and fried one that was eatable.

The school opened with three classes of sixteen each, and many on the waiting list, and the pupils were from all classes, the scholarship girls, many of whom were clerks in shops, young ladies of society, one or two liberal-minded housekeepers, and many ambitious women who were working at domestic service, and who regarded the ten dollar course as a good business investment. This mixture of classes would make trouble if a wise head and kind hand did not do the guiding. As it is in Syracuse, proficiency in the class counts, and not social standing, and the two great divisions of housekeepers and house-helpers smooth over a word that has unjustly become a term of ignominy. So long as the servility of domestic labor is pronounced, it is impossible to secure operatives who have intelligence to succeed at anything else.

The school held an occasional food sale, at which all the articles offered were cooked by the pupils, and each one labeled with the maker's name. It is easy to fancy the pride with which the pupils, who served as attendants, saw their croquettes and jellies eagerly bought by mistresses of the finest houses in town, who read the name-tag with interest.

As the school grew, a waitress class was organized, and one for dietetic cookery, which brought in a group of nurses; and these things still continue. Each year there is a rigid examination, when questions are asked which few housekeepers could answer, and those who are worthy receive diplomas.

From the point of view of the manager there was but one fault with the work of the school. It aimed only at the relief of the upper classes, the well-to-do. But if the homes of such need improvement, what of the homes of the poor and ignorant? Then again, it is from these homes that American-born servants usually proceed, where they spend their holidays, and whence we call in extra help for house-cleaning or other domestic crises.

And so the poor of the city, the women whose castle of home embraced but two or three rooms in a tenement, were the next

object of consideration. They are kittle folk, not easy to help because of their distrust of the superior who assumes any attitude save that of oppressor. Nevertheless, they were invited, and a number came to attend a demonstration lecture on cooking in the basement of a public school. The children told their mothers of the meeting, and a notice was posted as well. Each was asked to bring a plate and spoon, and babies were not barred. It was a shy, awkward crowd that came, laughing behind the corner of a shawl, or grimly determined to resent all false doctrines.

The teacher cooked a savory dish on the platform, a rolled beefsteak made from a slice of the round and a few seasoned bread-crumbs. While it was baking she made a cornstarch pudding. Each step of the way was explained, the reason for "scoring" and steaming the tough beef, the necessity of breaking the starch globules of farinaceous food, and so on, with the effect of these things on the human system. There was not one listener any less than eager to hear every word, and when the things were divided into portions and they did eat and see that it was good, there were no more skeptics. The receipts were given to them printed on slips of paper, to take home and try the dishes for themselves.

Another way of reaching the laboring poor is to hold small meetings in their homes. This is being tried in New York with great success. The woman who has consented to give the use of her kitchen, asks in a dozen neighbors, and the teacher conducts her work on the ordinary kitchen stove with the scant utensils of the poor, thus showing her pupils that good food can be had without a French range and copper stewpans.

Another valuable lesson she teaches is economy, of which the poor know very little. The instance is a common one of a charwoman who receives a dollar and a quarter a day, stopping on the way home to buy two or three pounds of porterhouse steak at twenty-five cents a pound. The cooking teacher tells of the treatment of cheap cuts which make savory and delectable dishes at one-half the money.

Cooking is not the only branch taught, for cleanliness being so closely allied to it, is talked of, not as a matter of morals, but of

health, a saving of doctor's bills. And the care of infants is one of the topics treated, than which little else is more important in the way of domestic labor. A mother who brought her baby to a meeting was spoken to about the child's sore eyes. "Oh, that's all right," was the reply; "young babies' eyes is always sore." She had had six thus afflicted, and was entirely ignorant of the cause, the remedy or the danger of subsequent blindness.

The long hours of domestic labor, which some statistician averages at thirteen and a half, will always count against it, but other compensations must counterbalance that incontrovertible objection. The Australian system is a beautiful remedy for this, invented probably by some young man or maid living in bachelor chambers. Under this method half the work is to be done out of the house and the other half by people who step in from the outer world, who dust you, set you straight, and skip off. The sound of this is like heaven. No more washdays, nor baking days, nor rug cleaning days; no longer a house filled by "ten in help and two in family." A tidy maid steps in each morning to make the beds, and then passes on to other houses on her list. Some one comes in to clean the silver and also passes on. All labor is specialized, and no one is overworked.

It sounds lovely, but what is to be done with the baby who never gets through demanding, from morn to dewy eve, and sometimes in between? And what of the tired *pater familias* who wants his paper brought, and madame who needs help at erratic hours? No, no, it will never do unless we limit our hours at home to the number of hours which servants are willing to work, for home life is but service of one kind and another to all of us.

So we will help on the schools for domestic science and their valuable branches in the tenements with the assurance that that is the quickest way out of trouble. Surely the day will come, and soon, when the servant problem will be no longer a problem but a plain road lying straight before us. Technically educate mistress and maid, dignify servant labor to a trade, apply business methods to domestic affairs, and all must eventually be well.



# TALES OF THE CHEMISTS CLUB



BY HOWARD FIELDING

## I.—THE SEVENTH ROSE.

THE Chemists' Club has taken the old Mendelssohn Glee Club rooms on West

Fifty-fifth street, a succession not unfit, for there is kinship between the harmony of sweet sounds and the infinite accord of blending elements. On grounds less fanciful, the rooms could be recommended. There is space for a large and growing library of technical books; there is a cozy sitting-room; and the former concert hall serves well as the meeting-place of learned societies. Subjects beyond the ken of ordinary mortals have been—and will be—there discussed: but the club interests itself occasionally on matters less abstruse. There are "smokers" on Saturday nights, when around a long table in the hall of assembly, two or three score of distinguished scientists smoke church-warden pipes, drink beer, and tell stories that are comprehensible to laymen.

An analytical chemist, in the course of his professional career, comes across a fact or two that will not be found in the text books. His analysis may extend beyond the sample furnished him, and disclose strange matters in the brain and heart of a fellow creature. He is, as a rule, a reticent man, but at the right moment he may entertain

his intimates with a tale that will surprise them.

At one of the Chemists' Club "smokers," some months ago, Prof. E. R. Merrick, now analyst of the American Paint Company, made a great hit with the story of a peculiar adventure, and it proved to be the first number of a unique series. With this beginning, many true and strange records have been laid before the club, as spice to the dry formulas and weary processes that make up the bulk of the archive.

In retelling Prof. Merrick's story here, I shall call it "The Seventh Rose." It seemed to be brought to his mind, as I remember, by a remark made by Dr. Lederle, chemist of the Health Board, in regard to certain work that he had been doing in a criminal case of considerable note. It was to Dr. Lederle, therefore, that the professor began to tell his story; but all of us at that end of the table were immediately interested. Our sudden silence made Merrick's clear and resonant voice the more distinctly audible, and within half a minute the whole company was listening.

"Jack Barnes," said the professor, "is the son of the president of our company—

the second son, and not much of a favorite with his father, I should judge, though a good fellow every way. He is an artist, and earns about all the money that he ever gets. His father doesn't approve of Bohemianism, and Jack is a Bohemian all over. There's where the trouble lies.

"The young man has a studio in the Allerton, and this story relates to the events of the first few days after he moved into it. I went to see him on the first evening that he spent in his new quarters. He met me as I stepped out of the elevator on the top floor, and greeted me with rather an excess of cordiality.

"The man down in the office called your name Derrick through the tube," said Jack. "So I didn't know who you were. As a matter of fact, I didn't care. If he'd said the devil, I'd have answered: 'Send him up!'"

"Naturally, I asked what was the matter. He replied over his shoulder, as he strode down the corridor, 'Oh, I don't know. I don't believe I'm going to like it here. The rooms strike me as depressing, now that I'm in 'em. They're gloomy; don't you think so?'"

"And he stepped aside to allow me to pass into as cheerful and pretty a studio as one would wish to see. Directly opposite the door was a broad, low fire-place, encumbered, just at that moment, by a lot of Jack's possessions that he had not yet set in order. The floor and two couches were similarly littered; and, knowing Jack's habits, I judged they always would be so. The furniture, hangings and rugs which he had bought from the preceding tenants, were handsome and in good taste.

"Upon the left, through a whiplash portiere, I could catch a glimpse of the bedroom. Upon the right, between heavy curtains, I saw an enormous porcelain tub. The bath-room, it appeared, had been made by taking a portion of the studio proper.

"I don't see anything wrong with this, Jack," said I. "What's the trouble?"

"He sat down on a big trunk that stood beside a tall easel of handsomely carved wood, and looked around as if in search of something which he could criticize unfavorably. Finally he settled upon a couple of panels in the nature of mural decorations, rising above the low mantelshelf, one on each side.

"I don't like those things," he said. "I can stand that one over there," pointing to the left, "but the other one gives me a fit."

"I laughed at this trivial criticism of his

new quarters. Surely if he didn't like the panels he could paint them out. They were studies of red roses, rather conventional in idea, but, as it seemed to me, remarkably well done. Moreover, they appeared to me to be exactly alike, so I was at a loss to understand why my young friend should hate the one and endure the other. I mentioned this difficulty to Jack.

"Oh, no; they're not alike," he said. "There are fifteen roses in the right-hand panel, and only fourteen in the other. I've studied the subject of rose panels to-day quite extensively. Every five minutes, while I was trying to arrange my things, I'd take a rest, climb up on this preposterous trunk and stare at those panels. I got perfectly crazy with them. At first I thought they were alike, as you did; but let me show you. Take the left-hand panel and begin at the top. One, two, three, four, five, six roses. Now turn to the other side. One, two, three, four, five, six; just like the others. But the seventh is different. There's no counterpart in the other panel. The last eight roses are the same in each."

"That's a queer notion," said I.

"I studied the panels intently, first one and then the other, and Jack watched me out of a corner of his eye. At last he laughed.

"You've caught it," he said. "The thing has taken hold of you, just as it took hold of me. As long as you're in this room your mind will be on those panels, and you'll be uneasy."

"Well," said I, reflecting, "I'm trying to find out what the fellow meant that painted them."

"Precisely!" he cried. "That's the point. He must have meant something. What was it? Just go on guessing and see if you don't get to be as nervous as I am."

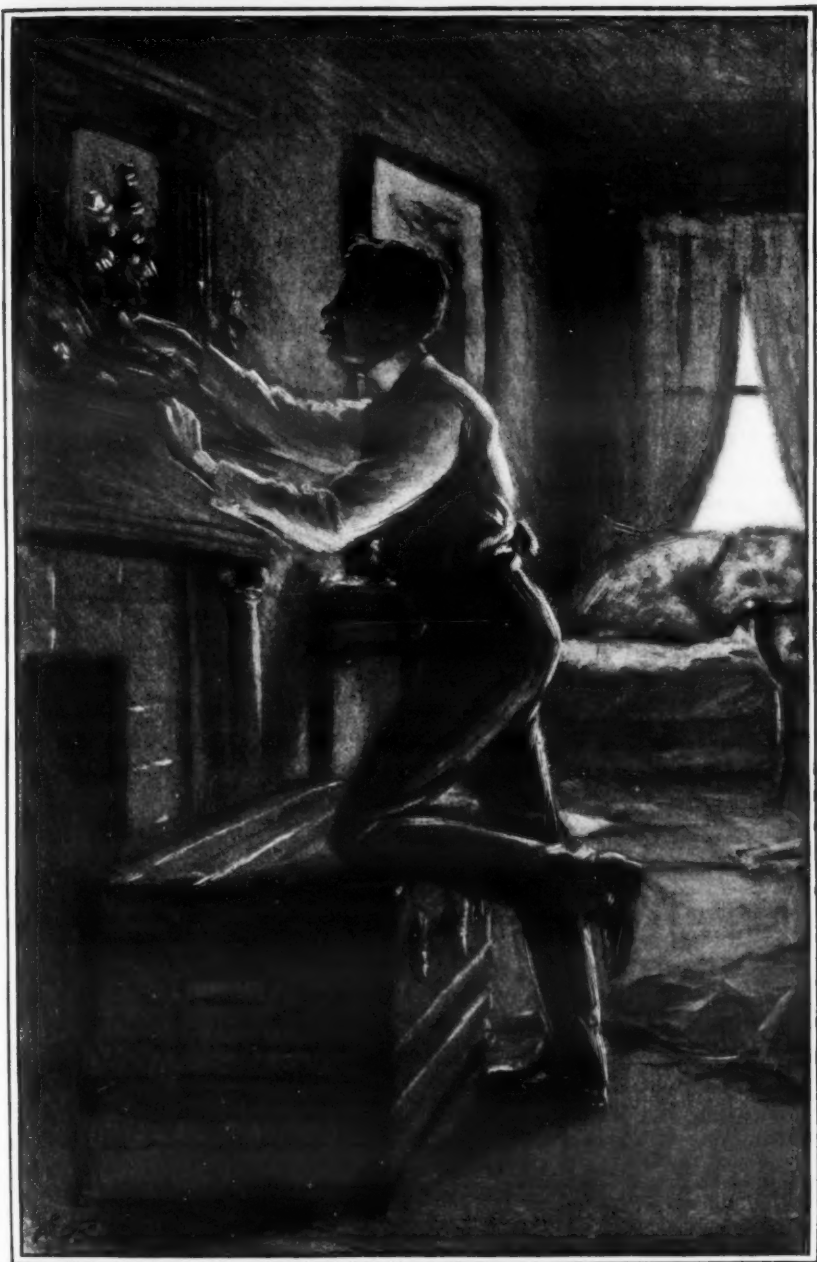
"Have you found out?"

"Not a glimmer," said he, jumping down off the big trunk.

"By the way," said I, "is that your trunk? Or is it a house-boat?"

"It's Huxley's," he replied. "It was to have been taken away to-day, but the men didn't call for it."

"Huxley was Jack's predecessor, an artist of considerable talent, and nephew of John B. Huxley, the millionaire carpet man. Jack and I tried to talk about young Huxley, though neither of us knew him socially or cared a penny about him in any way. However, we felt the need of something to take our minds off the subject of roses.



"He clipped off a piece of the seventh rose, where the paint lay thick on the fold of a petal."

Huxley did not come up to the requirements of the situation; in five minutes we were speaking of the panels once more.

"If you'll examine that seventh rose closely," said Jack, "you'll discover that it is not in any way like the others. It is different in tone; the technique is not at all similar, and yet it blends wonderfully with the design. It's the best rose of the lot, by heaven; a rose with feeling."

"The last rose of summer, by it's dull and melancholy hue," said I.

"By this time we were leaning against the mantel, studying the right-hand panel at close range.

"You're an expert in paint," said Jack. "Can you tell me what that's done with?"

"I don't know what the underlying pigment is," said I. "It has been washed over in places, with rose madder, I should say. A delicate job, and well done. If I had a sample of the basic pigment, I could probably tell by analysis what it is."

"Then you shall have it!" he cried. "I don't intend to leave any more mysteries in this thing than are necessary."

"He got out his penknife. I begged him not to spoil a work of art for so small a matter of curiosity; but despite my remonstrance, he clipped off a piece of the seventh rose, where the paint lay thick on the fold of a petal.

"I can match the color, and mend it well enough," said he. "Is this piece big enough?"

"It ought to be," I replied, and put the red morsel of rose leaf carefully away in a small compartment of my pocket-book that is especially reserved for such matters.

"By an unusual chance I had leisure, early next morning, for an examination of my sample. What I discovered—largely by accident—led me to visit Prof. Greenway and another distinguished expert whom I have the pleasure of seeing among us this evening, with the result that my hasty conclusion was substantially verified before the day was over. That evening I called upon Jack again.

"He had come in from dinner only a few minutes before, and was engaged, when I appeared, in superintending the removal of the big trunk from his apartments. All the men employed in the building, I should judge, were dragging it out into the hall with the intention of taking it to a store-room.

"Huxley hasn't shown up to-day or sent any word," said Jack, "and I won't keep this

thing in here any longer. He promised to have it out yesterday."

"We entered the studio, and I immediately went over to the right side of the fireplace in order that I might verify my recollection of the rose panel.

"Your seventh rose," said I, "is really a rare blossom. I have found out what it is made of, and you'll be surprised when I tell you. It has been painted over with a transparent red, as I suggested last evening, but the base of it is blood. The microscope leaves no doubt upon the matter. The incident was so curious that I took my sample over to Prof. Greenway's laboratory. There I found Dr. William Eddy. Both men are experts in blood stains, and both say that the pigment of your rose is human blood."

"Some freak of Huxley's, I suppose," said Jack. "He is a queer fellow, by all accounts. Yet, though he is a good artist in some lines, I would not have said he had it in him to make a rose like that out of blood or any other substance."

"The electric bell was ringing as he spoke the last words. Jack shouted 'Hello!' into the speaking tube, and then applied his ear.

"Hoffman?" I heard him mutter. "I don't know any such man." Then into the tube: "Send him up."

"Mr. Hoffman proved to be a tall, aristocratic young man, somewhat overloaded with manner. He apologized for breaking in upon Jack's studious seclusion, intruding selfishly, too, so he said, since the affair could be of little interest to Jack.

"I merely wished to inquire whether you had seen Mr. Huxley to-day," continued Hoffman. "I was informed by the attendant below that he had not been here, but it seemed possible that I could obtain more accurate information of you, and so I ventured to send up my name. The fact is that my sister was expecting an important communication from Mr. Huxley to-day—last evening, indeed—and there seemed no adequate reason why it should not have come. We feared that Mr. Huxley might have fallen suddenly ill, and therefore I went to his new apartments this evening. He had not been there since the day before yesterday; the rooms were not in order; matters there which he had been expected to arrange had not been attended to. Seeing that he could not intend to sleep there to-night, I came here, thinking that perhaps he had made an arrangement with you for some further occupancy of these apartments."

"In reply, Jack could say only that he

knew nothing of Mr. Huxley's movements in the past few days.

"If you should learn anything," said Hoffman, 'I would be grateful for word of it. We are really beginning to be anxious.'

"He gave us an address on Madison avenue, and took his leave with scrupulous formality.

"What do you think of it?" asked Jack, when the visitor had departed.

"I think that the young man has gone off on a spree," said I, 'and that it is unlucky for him that the brother of the girl he is probably engaged to is not a person of a less inquiring mind.'

"My imagination is more vivid than yours," he replied, 'and, moreover, I have one little fact which you haven't. You'll probably think me an idiot when I tell you what it is, but— Well, what do you think of this?'

"He lifted a corner of a rug that lay before the fire-place. It was an artistically ugly thing with a postery design in red and green.

"Feel of it there," said Jack, pointing to a place where the red spashed out to the edge. I did so, and found the rug at that point somewhat stiffened as if wet with a coagulating fluid.

"Like blood?" asked Jack. 'What do you say?'

"Might be blood or paint or whisky punch," said I.

"I happened to touch it to-day," responded Jack, 'and it gave me a kind of a shiver. Taken in connection with the rose of blood—'

"In what connection? In what conceivable relation?" I demanded. 'However, let's examine this thing.'

"A few minutes' inspection proved to me that the greenish part of the rug next to the red—a green and white patch of it—had recently been washed, but that the red had not. Moreover, the dried fluid on the red section surely suggested blood to eye and hand, and had a slight odor.

"Let us suppose," said Jack, 'that some crazy artist who had long had a grudge against Huxley, struck him down on the spot where you now stand. Can you fancy his being insane enough to paint the rose upon the wall in his victim's blood?'

"No, I can't," said I. 'However, it is obvious that the floor, in spots, has been scrubbed. And here is a little place on the oak frame of the fire-place. This thing will

have to be investigated. But how could he have got rid of the body?'

"He might have thrown it down an air-shaft, or put it into a vacant apartment, or carried it to the roof, or carted it out through the Thirty-first street entrance—which is studiously left unguarded after midnight. By the way, let's find out who called on Huxley the last evening he was here.'

Jack went to the tube, and propounded an inquiry of the man in the office. Some small delay followed.

"The only person they can remember," said Jack, 'is a man named Maynard. They don't know anything about him except his name. I think we'll have to go over to the Hoffmans and try to find out who Maynard is. It's the only clew we have.'

"I expressed the belief that we were making idiots of ourselves, and that Huxley was probably at that moment opening a bottle of champagne in some cool nook of a summer hotel piazza. Yet I could not say flatly that we ought to abandon all investigation. It was obvious, however, that we ought not to alarm Huxley's friends with news of our fantastic discoveries. My heart shrank from the absurd interview that we must have with the Hoffmans, but Jack would not be restrained, and I must stand by him.

"At the house on Madison avenue we asked for the young man whom we had seen earlier in the evening. He received us in a drawing-room, where, to our consternation, we encountered also his mother and his sister. The mother was like her son, thin, dry and formal; but the girl was of a different type, hearty and wholesome.

"We began by being very discreet; and just how or where our discretion deserted us, I do not know. If Jack were present, I would dare to say that it was his fault. However, the material fact is that within fifteen minutes our conversation seemed to my confused mind to consist of nothing but a repetition of the word blood.

"At last out of this ensanguined flood of absurdity arose this question, propounded by Jack: 'Who is Mr. Maynard?'

"No one answered for a full minute, and so we gained a silence that may have helped some of us to think. Then Miss Hoffman cried: 'You must mean Mr. Renard,' pronounced with the French accent, 'he is a friend of Mr. Huxley.'

"Renard! The fellow who did the mural decoration in the new Hotel Brinsmade,'

said Jack, aside to me. "The only man I know who could have made that rose."

"It must be Renard," he continued, addressing the others. "They never get a name right at the Allerton. I asked about him because he called upon Mr. Huxley the last evening of his stay in the house. He came late, and no one remembers having seen him go out."

"You have put your finger upon the murderer," said Mrs. Hoffman, solemnly. "I must tell you, gentlemen, in confidence, as you will readily understand, that Mr. Huxley and Mr. Renard were rivals for my daughter's hand, and that the latter was the unsuccessful suitor."

"The lady arose from her chair as she spoke. She was very thin, and was clothed in black. It seemed to me, as she stood there, that she was nearly seven feet tall, and that the preternaturally white hand which she extended in dramatic gesture, sent down a witch's spell upon the heads of all of us."

"Pretty Miss Margaret, the daughter, was the first to assert herself against this influence, and she did it with surprising energy. We learned the details of a considerable family affair in the space of two minutes."

"Mr. Renard is the unsuccessful suitor only in your own imagination, mother," said she. "I prefer him infinitely to Mr. Huxley. He is as much Mr. Huxley's superior in talent and in character, as he is in appearance and bearing. There can be no choice between two such men. Must we fight this battle over again in the presence of strangers?"

"Surely, it was not necessary for the enlightenment of the strangers. I had only to compare the exaggerated gentility of Mrs. Hoffman's manner with the faded hues of the drawing-room carpet, and then to reflect upon Mr. Huxley's uncle's millions to which the young man was heir."

"Mr. Renard," continued Margaret, "is incapable of any act that could injure a human creature. He has the kindest heart in the world; he has often stood a friend to Mr. Huxley in serious matters, as I chance to know. This 'rivalry' that you speak of affects him not in the least. He is the first who would do Mr. Huxley a kindness; the first to whom Mr. Huxley would turn if his wild and reckless nature should lead him into more difficulties."

"I saw clearly enough that the girl knew what she was talking about. It seemed

probable that Mr. Renard knew the state of Margaret's feelings much better than Mrs. Hoffman supposed that he did, or would desire that he should. If Mr. Renard had slain his friend there was an unguessed motive. Could Huxley have roused a sudden demon in this high-strung Frenchman by speaking of Margaret in a way that some men have, more's the pity? I wasted half a minute in this vain speculation."

"We can solve a riddle or two, perhaps," Jack suggested, "by going to see Mr. Renard. His rooms are only a stone's throw from here. I called there once with a friend who knows him well."

"I will go with you," said Margaret.

"Her mother protested, but the time-stained marble image of the Flying Mercury in a corner of the room paid more attention than did Margaret; for while the statue only pretended to speed away, the girl actually sped."

"Renard's rooms are in the old Hathaway studio building, a place of plentiful romantic associations but scant ceremony. We entered unopposed, Jack and I in the lead, and Margaret following with her brother; but when we came to the door of Renard's studio, we found the janitor on guard."

"Mr. Renard has just gone out," said he.

"We are friends of his," said Jack, "and would like to wait in his studio till he comes back."

"He told me particularly not to let any one in," replied the janitor, stolidly.

"We spent some minutes in useless parleying, and had just reconciled ourselves to waiting in the hall, when the stairs below shook under a heavy tread, and a man of large stature appeared. He strode up to the door of Renard's studio."

"Open this," said he to the janitor.

"Mr. Renard told me——"

"I'm a detective from the West Thirtieth street station," said the man, and I caught the glimmer of a badge. "Open the door."

"The situation was becoming more than serious. I saw young Hoffman take hold of the bannister rail with the gesture of a landsman at sea. His sister, however, bore herself with great composure."

"The janitor clanked his keys which were old-fashioned and heavy. The door swung open, and the officer entered. He made no attempt to exclude us, and we hurried in, except Hoffman, who paused upon the threshold."

"The detective touched a drop light on the table as he passed, and the room was



instantly bright. Beyond the table was a couch on which lay something covered with a tapestry. The officer pulled back the gayly-colored fabric.

"Huxley!" cried Jack.

"I saw a white face, and a wound in the right side of the forehead.

"That's what your friend Renard has done," gasped Hoffman.

"I will never believe it!" exclaimed the girl. 'If all the world and my own eyes told me so, I should still know him to be incapable of such a crime.'

"The officer replaced the tapestry and faced about.

"What do you know of this?" Margaret demanded of him.

"Mr. Renard says this man committed suicide in his room," was the reply. 'That's all I know about it. He came to the station-house a few minutes ago, with a doctor who, he said, had looked at the body.'

"Where is he now?"

"Over to the station, I suppose."

"Not under arrest?"

"I don't know."

"That was the extent of the information that could be obtained from the officer. We had no more for a matter of fifteen or twenty minutes. Then came Renard himself, accompanied by a captain of police, and another man who might, from his appearance, be the physician of whom the detective had spoken.

"Miss Hoffman went straight to Renard, and took his hand. I saw him thrill from head to foot at her touch.

"She told him in a hasty word why she was there.

"This is surely a dreadful affair," he said. 'Mr. Huxley came to me this evening in such a condition as I never saw any human being in before. He said that he had roamed the streets two days and two nights, without sleep or food, and his looks bore out the story. He said that he was in dire extremity of trouble, and made me swear to help him if I could.

"I asked him what the service was, and he, with incoherent language, besought me to go to Allerton and get a great trunk that he had left there. I thought him mad, and so I tried simply to quiet him. When he saw that I would not take his request seriously, at least without an explanation, he became absolutely frantic, and poured forth a most terrible story. His uncle had called at the studio in the Allerton. This was Thursday evening after I had gone away. They quar-

reled about money, and in a rage, Huxley struck him down with a hatchet that he had been using while packing up his things.

"The old man fell dead beside the fireplace. Huxley saw his blood flowing, and was filled with deadly fear. Seizing the body, he ran with it in his arms to the bathtub, into which he threw his burden. Then, panting, horror-stricken, he retreated back through the curtains, and staggered to the mantel, upon which he leaned.

"And here is the most amazing part of it all. As he stood there, his hand touched one of the rose panels on the wall. The hand was almost dripping with blood. He saw the stain upon the delicate background of the panel, and in an instant realized the impossibility of removing it. His mind had been centered upon the bloodstains on the floor and the rugs, but here was a stain a thousand times more dangerous than any others. The evil demon that had directed his arm a moment before, inspired him to do a wild and incredible thing. With the ball of his thumb he moulded that blood-stain on the panel into a rose! I have seen it to-night, and it is perfect. After it was dry, he washed it over with colors, but the flower is really done in blood. Though I have worked in roses so much I could not have made one like it even if painting for my life, as he did. Had he but held his courage, that wondrous and Satanic bit of art might have saved him.

"He washed away the stains from the floor. Then, as soon as might be, he removed some articles from the big trunk, putting them under the flooring of the bedroom where he knew a board to be loose. He put the body into the trunk. Heaven knows what he might then have accomplished if his brain had been adequate to the stress of guilt and fear. His uncle was a bachelor who was now here, now there. His absence might have gone undiscovered for weeks.

"But Huxley dared not do anything with the trunk; he dared not send it to storage, or to his new rooms. He went mad thinking of the risks. And so he roamed about, fancying discovery already made and himself pursued; until at last he came here.

"What could I do for him? I could only counsel him to be brave, and to bear the consequences of his act, whatever they might be. No mortal help could avail him, for his own insensate condition would have balked all efforts to further his escape. Yet he had reason enough to find the one road

out of all his difficulties, and the misguided courage to take it. While I was talking to him as kindly as I could, he drew a revolver with incredible suddenness, and sent a bullet through his brain."

"It appeared, further, that Renard and the police captain had been to the Allerton, and had found the body of the elder Huxley in the trunk. Their investigations made clear light of all shadow that might have fallen upon Renard because of the tragic event in his room.

"I took occasion to tell Renard of the beautiful confidence in him which Miss Hoffman had displayed, and I have no doubt he can thank her adequately. And that is the end of the tale, so far as I am concerned."

"But, I say, Merrick," called some one across the table, "why hasn't some of this been in the papers?"

"Because," replied the professor, calmly, "the concluding incidents happened only this evening. I came over here to get the thing off my mind."

(No. 2 of "Tales of the Chemists' Club" will appear in the November issue.)

## LEONORA JACKSON

### THE AMERICAN GIRL VIOLINIST

By MAY L. PINKHAM

EIGHT years ago Leonora Jackson, a slight little American girl, plain in appearance, but with a serious expression which in one so child-like fascinated the stranger, sat with her mother in the salon of the celebrated Prof. Desjardins in Paris awaiting her turn to display her attainments as a child violinist. This little girl of twelve years had astonished her teachers in America by her precocious musical talent, and they, as well as many of her mother's friends, had advised that she should seek the more artistic atmosphere of a European city; so the Jackson family had sought Paris and Prof. Desjardins. There was nothing sufficiently striking in the appearance of the little American to gain the immediate interest of the skeptical professor. Hundreds of Americans came to Paris each year to study, and this frail little girl was only one of many, until she had finished playing. Every note, each graceful and at once masterful drawing of the bow drew the professor's attention closer, until, quite overcome with astonishment, he exclaimed, clasping the mother by the hand, "*Brava, brava elle est une véritable artiste.*"

Mrs. Jackson, with her young family, had left their home in Boston some years before this and located in Chicago, where she had taught music, and her children studied and practiced their chosen instruments. Leonora, then but a child of six, had

amazed the most prominent teachers in Chicago by her talent, and she studied at this early age with such eminent masters as Albert Ruff, Carl Becker and, lastly, with Prof. Jacobsohn. Her brother, although talented as a piano student, did not display aptitude to such a remarkable degree.

Boston was the birthplace of this interesting family, and they are direct descendants of Revolutionary ancestors on the paternal side, and of very musical ancestors for several generations back, on the maternal side. Miss Jackson's mother eventually became very well known in Chicago as a vocal teacher, where she felt the financial opportunities were greater than in Boston. However, the very rapid progress little Leonora made in her violin studies decided them upon the move to Paris in 1891. Their sojourn in Europe was very unfortunately brought to a close at the end of a year, owing to severe financial losses, and for some time Mrs. Jackson almost lost hope of being able to continue the education of her gifted child. Upon her return to America it was discovered that the family income had been reduced to a mere pittance. Days of struggle ensued, but indomitable courage and the fine mental resources of this family were still left. Summer approached, and with it the inaction always felt in the musical world at this time of the year. This would have discouraged in many all hope of in-



Leonora Jackson, Violinist.

come, but Miss Jackson's brave mother started with her two children on a tour of the principal summer resorts of the East, hoping to obtain by recitals means to aid the little Leonora to continue her studies abroad. To the ordinarily gifted person the results of this effort would undoubtedly have proved a great disappointment, but nature had been unusually bountiful in endowing Leonora Jackson with much personal magnetism besides her rare musical talent, and friends were won wherever she appeared. Among these were such influential people as the Hon. Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Frederic Vanderbilt, Mr. George Vanderbilt, the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, the late George Pullman, of Chicago, and many prominent society people from various cities throughout the continent. The result was that the Jackson family returned to Europe in 1894, and went direct to Berlin to seek the advice of the celebrated Dr. Joseph Joachim. Upon Miss Jackson's return to Europe Mr. Childs wrote in the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "that in all his experience as a journalist he knew of no student

of any subject who had ever gone abroad to study, who enjoyed the friendship and personal interest of so many influential people in the chief cities of the United States." In view of her rare gifts he believed that her musical education was a matter of national importance concerned with the best interests of American art, and he believed her career would reflect the highest honor upon her country. Mr. Childs' opinion was reiterated by leading critics and musicians, and has been substantiated by Miss Jackson's career since her professional *début* made with the Berlin Philharmonic Society in 1896. Upon this occasion her celebrated teacher, Dr. Joachim, conducted the orchestra.

It was a great triumph for the unsophisticated little American, although her unequivocal success was not a surprise to those interested in her. Dr. Joachim had written to friends after her first winter of study with him: "Miss Leonora Jackson has impressed me deeply with her talent. She plays with genuine expression, and displays a command of her instrument most unusual

in one so young. I believe she is destined to become a violiniste of the greatest eminence." This was written when Miss Jackson was but fourteen years of age, and she has steadily realized this prophecy. A year after her noted *début* in Berlin Miss Jackson won the much coveted Mendelssohn State Prize which is competed for by artists of various nationalities, vocalists as well as instrumentalists. This prize has only been won by a woman once before, and she also was an American violinist.

Another sensational success awaited Miss Jackson upon her playing the fourth concerto of Vieuxtemps at her London *début* in February, 1898. After this in quick succession she played with the leading orchestral organizations in England, Scotland and on the continent, her rendition of the Brahms concerto astonishing even the most caustic critics. Quite recently Miss Jackson had an honor conferred upon her that no other American, and very few women violinists, have enjoyed.

She was chosen as soloist to appear with three of the oldest and most conservative musical organizations in Europe, the Leipzig Gewandhaus Symphony, the London Philharmonic and the Paris Colonne concerts, and at each she evoked much enthusiasm. It is not alone the musical dignitaries and the musical public that Miss Jackson has conquered, for she has been summoned to play before many

crowned heads, the most recent having been to play to Queen Victoria and the royal household at Windsor Castle on July 17, of this year. Her Majesty was particularly gracious and had Miss Jackson introduced to the distinguished personages present, and seemed very much interested to learn the details of her career. Her Majesty also presented her with an exquisite jeweled star bearing the royal monogram, and arranged for her to play again at Windsor Castle.

During these few years of a most brilliant career Miss Jackson has been most fortunate in having the untiring devotion of a remarkably clever mother and brother, the latter being an excellent pianist as well as a shrewd man of business.

It would not seem strange in one so young to find that the phenomenally brilliant successes of the past six seasons abroad had spoiled Miss Jackson. However, her friends and those interested in her will find the same unassuming charm of manner so noticeable in the

child, and an utter lack of conceit or mannerisms. They will find an earnest worker, who has formed very high ideals, which she strives to reach; a well-informed reader of the classics, interested equally in current literature and affairs of to-day, and a most entertaining conversationalist and linguist.

It is safe to predict for Miss Jackson, upon her return to America this season, a series of artistic, personal and social successes.



Lenora Jackson, Violinist.

# THE AZTEC IDOL

By EDITH ROBINSON

Author of "Forced Acquaintances," "A Little Puritan Rebel," "Penhallon Tales."

"THERE, isn't that a beauty!" Mr. Brooks had brought to the breakfast table a wobbly newspaper bundle, deposited in the hall over night, and after carefully removing its various "daily" and "weekly" sheathings, triumphantly displayed the object of his solicitude.

It was a piece of rude sculpture about a foot and a half in height, fashioned out of some green stone resembling malachite. The figure squatted on its haunches, the knees drawn up breast high, the head sunk in its chest, and the hands crossed over its stomach. The face, almost framed by huge protuberant ears, displayed some faint attempts at expression, but there was nothing sufficiently distinctive about the workmanship of the object to signalize it from others of its kind, familiar in curio collections and magazine illustrations of the worship of primitive people.

Mrs. Brooks set down the cream jug hastily.

"What is it? where did you get it?" she questioned, breathlessly, and put her hand to her throat as though from some nervous contraction of the larynx.

"It's an idol—genuine Aztec," answered her husband, complacently, twirling the deity on its base. "I found it by one Nicholas Pultrovitch. If you turn into a court off Salem street, you will find yourself around a corner, without exactly knowing how you got there; near by is the entrance to an alley—sometimes. Even after repeated visits, that alley often eludes me. The architecture of parts of the old north end of Boston was modeled after the Cretan labyrinth. If you are lucky, you find yourself opposite a second-hand shop, where interesting bits of bric-a-brac are occasionally found. My friend Nicholas has intervals when he does not understand English, and so I was unable to learn how he came into possession of the idol. However, that does not signify, as it need occasion no surprise

to find anything in the maws of a Russian Jew, from a colonial teapot to Cleopatra's Needle, and the genuineness of the idol is beyond question. Nicholas was anxious to get rid of it. I was eager to become its owner; so we soon came to terms."

"It is horrible!" shuddered Mrs. Brooks. "The Jew knows more than he would tell. Robert, no human being ever fashioned that monstrosity. It was wrought by some Aztec Phidias, before man had evolved a soul. It is the apotheosis of greed and cunning and an unspeakable lust. Throw it into the ash barrel!"

"You would find the emotional in a tin kettle and a subject for morbid analysis in the wood pile," answered her husband, half laughing, half vexed. "Really, dear, I think you should control your imagination before you consign a genuine bit of old Mexican sculpture to the rubbish heap, simply because it does not look like Apollo or the Young Augustus. But if it annoys you, of course I will not keep it. The Art Museum will gladly give it house room."

Mr. Brooks retired behind his newspaper. Mrs. Brooks poured the coffee. For some minutes there was silence, broken at last by a trivial remark by Mr. Brooks regarding the morning's news. The subject of their previous conversation was not referred to till breakfast was over, and Mrs. Brooks was helping her husband draw on his overcoat.

"Robert, dear!"

"What is it, darling?"

"Don't mind, dearest, what I said at breakfast about—about that thing. Don't give it away. Let's keep it in the hall. It will scare away the burglars!" Mrs. Brooks laughed, albeit, rather faintly.

"I've put it safely out of your sight—where you will never see its ugly face again, unless you play the part of Bluebeard's wife!" He drew her to him as he spoke and, holding her in one encircling arm, gently stroked the hair from her brow. "Did you

think I would leave the ugly jack-in-the-box to frighten my little girl when I am not here to protect her?" he added, with laughing tenderness.

Mrs. Brooks' lips quivered, but she made no reply. After her husband's departure, she remained motionless in the hall.

His "little girl"—somebody to be humored and petted! Was that what she had promised to be at the altar, two short months ago?

And now the first semblance of a quarrel in their married life had sprung from her culpable lack of self-control. No wonder that Robert, sensible, unimaginative man of business that he was, had lost patience with her hysterical folly. Unwittingly, her husband had touched the sensitive chord of her life. From the moment she had promised to be his wife, she had resolved never to become one of those querulous, exacting women who make life a burden to their husbands with their

ceaseless demand for petty sacrifices. For Robert's sake, for the sake of their married happiness, she must, she would learn to "control herself."

The rooms on the second floor consisted of their bed-room and—across the hall—Mr. Brooks' dressing-room, a small apartment fitted out with the simple appointments of a young man's college life; a single brass bedstead, a dressing bureau, a chair or two, a shaving stand, and a hanging book-shelf

filled with college text books. In addition, was a clavier, or dummy of the old-time instrument whose name it bore; the soundless keyboard being designed for practice in a new and ingenious system of piano instruction, of which the special object was to develop the finger muscles. The instrument had been brought home the previous afternoon, and by Mrs. Brooks' directions, placed before the long mirror of the dressing bureau, as the finger movements could be more circumspectly watched in their reflection than by direct observance.

Mrs. Brooks' quick involuntary glance about the room revealed the unexpected sight of the Aztec idol on the book-shelf. For a moment she stood poised on the threshold, with the swift impulse of flight. The next breath, recalling her resolution of self-control, she entered the room.

At any rate, her back would be toward the hateful green thing, but on

seating herself at the clavier, she found, to her dismay, that she was confronted by the reflected image of the Aztec idol. No matter, she would face it out; she would learn to crush those promptings to the emotional, to morbid analysis!

"One, two—one, two"—the patient manipulation of the fingers went on. Mrs. Brooks had not raised her eyes from the imaged keyboard. If she lifted their lids but a fraction of an inch the idol would come



"Mr. Brooks triumphantly displayed the object of his solicitude."



within their range of vision, but with all her strength of watchful will she combatted the ever-growing desire to look. There had crept over her the sensation as of some one watching her intently that one sometimes has in a crowded assembly—some one, it seemed to her, with a malign ulterior intent.

"One, two—one, two"—she spoke the words aloud in the unfortunate hope that the sound of her own voice would dispel the nervous fancy, but the tones seemed to come from afar and to be unlike her own. After all, it might be wiser to look at the idol and satisfy herself that this uncanny feeling was merely the natural result of the repugnance excited by an ugly object, with its inevitable associations, combined with the embargo laid upon her sight.

She raised her eyes.

Only the grimacing face of the Aztec idol met her gaze, but was it—could it be—with a difference? In the glass, darkly, was imaged something that was not in the actual object, as the camera sometimes reveals an undreamt of blemish, or brings out the physical conformation of some hideous, unsuspected mental trait. If she could only turn her head quick enough and see the idol face to face, she should find out what it meant! Quick as thought, she looked over her shoulder. There sat the idol, in placid ugliness, with no more expression on its mottled green face than there was on the back of its neighbor, the Greek lexicon.

"I shall be in a nervous establishment—or worse—if I give way to this morbid folly!" thought Mrs. Brooks. "It was some effect of the light, or an imperfection in the glass. Besides, mirrors differ so much that each one seems to reflect a different individual. I don't look nearly as well myself in this glass as I do in my own cheval glass."

She replaced the overturned clavier stool, reseated herself at the instrument and began again the finger exercise. She sought no longer to evade the mirrored image of the idol. She would school herself to face this ridiculous "jack-in-the-box." Slowly and yet more slowly, her fingers moved. She was holding herself in a rigidity of control that seemed to have turned nerves and muscles to iron. The manipulation of the keys had become mechanical. How long her extended fingers had stiffened, talonwise, above the forgotten keyboard, she could not have told.

In the glass, darkly, she saw—Great God! what was it that she saw? She would

get nearer—quite close to the mirror—perhaps she could see, then—

With trembling haste, she pushed the clavier aside, and on her hands and knees, crouched upon the low marble surface of the bureau. Nearer—nearer yet! Her forehead touched the glass, her breath dimmed its lustre. But only that elusive suggestion of something—something she knew not what, was in the reflected image, while somewhere in the region that underlies subconsciousness, a voice that was not her own was repeating, "One, two—one, two." Only that was not what she was trying to say. No matter. The strange, elusive name would come to her when she should look upon the idol face to face.

*Now!*

Huddled upon the bureau, she turned her head. The green face looked down upon her with its stony, unmeaning stare, and that was all. An awful realizing sense of her posture overcame her. Confusedly, blindly, it was to her as though she had unwittingly gone down in worship before something, had yielded the first unconscious, yet pregnant step, to some terrible, malign influence that was slowly, but inexorably, binding her to its will.

She scrambled to her feet, and hastening to the window, threw it wide open, and as the icy air blew in upon her from the frozen Charles, she tried to think calmly.

"There are just two possibilities before me. One is, to pitch that green monster into the ash barrel, take a walk over Harvard Bridge and let the wind blow the cobwebs from my brain. Or make up my mind, once for all, that I will stay here and get the better of these emotional and analytical tendencies."

Mrs. Brooks had made up her mind.

With a firm step, she crossed the room to the door and turned the key in the lock. Then she retraced her steps and dropped the key out of the window.

"It is out of my power to yield now," she thought. "The maids could not hear my call, and I shall have to stay here till Katy comes to announce luncheon. Now then—'Sir Rohan walked boldly up to the clanking spectre: 'What, ho, minion, let the portcullis fall!'" Crossing her arms over her breast, she looked steadfastly up at the idol.

"We'll see which can stare the other out of countenance first, old boy!" she apostrophized. Snatching her husband's golf cap, she set it rakishly on the deity's head. "You aren't used to being treated so disre-



"With trembling haste, on her hands and knees, she crouched upon the low marble surface of the bureau."

spectfully, are you, Popocatpetl-Skowhegan—whatever they used to call you! I suppose I ought to go down on my knees or prostrate myself—or stand on my head, before you, whichever was the approved Aztec posture of worship. Now, sir, I'm going back to my work, and don't you dare make up faces behind my back, even if you don't enjoy my company, for I intend to stay here till you and I become better acquainted!"

A few days later, Mr. Brooks said, somewhat abruptly, at the breakfast table:

"Isn't the north room rather cold for you to practice in? I think you had better let me move the clavier into the bed-room."

"Oh, no, there is more space in the dressing-room," answered Mrs. Brooks, quickly. "But why don't you move the shaving stand into the bed-room—the light is much better," she added, and watched her husband narrowly.

"I can see very well where it is," returned Mr. Brooks, with such manifest indifference that Mrs. Brooks' sudden suspicion was dispelled.

Still, to satisfy a lingering doubt, on repairing, as usual, to the dressing-room, she stood before the shaving stand, with its glittering array of razors. The little mirror certainly did reflect the idol.

"Of course it is my own folly," thought Mrs. Brooks. "If Robert saw anything that—that wasn't there, he would know it at once for an hallucination and think his liver was out of order. Besides, he would have spoken of it and asked me if I had noticed anything queer. Robert hasn't a streak of morbid reserve in his nature that leads him to bury a worry as a dog does a bone!"

She did not see, behind the swivel of the glass, a small round box with a prescription label.

The days went on till it seemed to Mrs. Brooks as though the best part of her life had been passed in the dressing-room. Mingling with the self-control she was struggling so strenuously to exercise was an inexplicable fascination, a fierce curiosity, that would have sufficed to draw her, in spite of herself, to the fateful room. As the time drew near for her husband's return, she would stand upon its threshold, and pressing her hands to her burning eyeballs, seek to recover her mental poise before descending. Robert must not suspect her secret!

Once or twice, indeed, at the table, in the midst of her gay chatter—often, it seemed to her, forced and unnatural—it struck her that her husband was watching her covertly,

and a new and deadly terror laid its hold upon her. What if this strange, intangible fancy had its origin in mental alienation? All her life she had been haunted by the fear that a vivid imagination and a super-sensitive organization might some day work untoward results. She had somewhere heard or read that it was a symptom of incipient insanity to think that everybody was watching one. She hunted up authorities on mental disease;

she pored over Carpenter and Mandesley and Weir Mitchell. She compared and analyzed her every act, she set up an espionage on her very thoughts. Was she inconsequential in her conversation did she experience a difficulty in coordinating thought with speech? A lack of sequence of ideas, a sluggishness of cerebral action, were unvarying precursors of insanity. Was she silent and guarded in her daily intercourse? Madness was prone to fits of sullen brooding. It

was another "symptom" to fancy other people changed. Robert seemed to her more quiet than was his wont, he was later home; one evening he made casual mention of a walk over Harvard Bridge—and then turned to his newspaper with an air, she momentarily fancied, of having betrayed something. He seemed to have lost appetite, too, and to have become fanciful in his diet—Robert, to whom had been vouchsafed the digestion of an ostrich. He said nothing, however, of

any physical or mental disturbance, and she, fearing by word or look to let fall a hint of her own mental condition, refrained from comment.

In the course of her reading on Neurology, she discovered that the writing of an essay by the supposed patient was frequently resorted to as a test of insanity. Light came to Mrs. Brooks: she could thus consult a nervous specialist, without revealing

the real facts of the case, or betraying herself as the patient.

The office hours of the great specialist were nearly over when he bowed at the threshold of the waiting-room; the last patient, a young and pretty woman, followed him into the consulting office and seated herself in the embrasured window, with her back to the light. The doctor courteously motioned her to a chair, on the other side of his desk.

"I am quite comfortable here, thank you," responded the visitor, prettily.

"Will you kindly sit here?" returned the physician, ignoring the demurrer, and Mrs. Brooks automatically obeyed. It was thus that the doctor's face was in the shadow, while the light fell full upon her own.

"I want to consult you regarding a very dear friend," she began, and having rehearsed the preamble on the way thither, she gained confidence from her own fluency and went on smoothly, as the doctor responded only by a bow.



"Now will you tell me the facts of the case?" said the doctor."

"Her family and friends have some ground to fear for her reason, although, as yet, there has been no indubitable display of anything that could be regarded as mental alienation. It would be impossible, I fear, to bring her to a personal consultation with a physician, as she is of an exceedingly sensitive temperament and would shrink from any revelation of her state of mind. Moreover, it is, unfortunately, to be feared that the very suggestion of madness might precipitate a condition that is, at present, indeterminate. I will add that there is not the slightest taint of insanity in her family, which she traces back to the Puritan governors. Under these circumstances, I have ventured to bring you a paper which she has written for a woman's club—thought—you—could tell——"

The carefully prepared speech came to a faltering end beneath the calm gaze of the doctor. Mechanically, Mrs. Brooks held out the closely written manuscript, drew it back, thrust it out again, and grew alternately red and white, hot and cold with the thought that her irresolution was betraying her and that she would be committed without delay to the nearest asylum. She arose with a wild impulse of making a dash for the door.

"Now will you tell me the facts of the case?" said the doctor, with the manner of one opening an interview. The visitor's hand relaxed and a shower of foolscap fell to the floor.

Mrs. Brooks told the doctor the facts of the case.

"Although, indeed, if the 'papers' of the average woman's club were to furnish the test of connected thought, few of its members would be out of the asylum," she added, with an hysterical laugh. "All my life," she went on, slowly and painfully, "I have been conscious that the atmosphere of certain people was inimical to me. More than once, in a street car, at the theatre, in church, at the approach of some evidently worthy person, I have had the sensation as of being overpowered by a deadly miasma. I have always struggled against these intangible sensations, believing them to be mere hysterical folly, and have never confided such experiences to any one, even my husband. But I was never so affected before by an inanimate object."

"It is possible that you may have struggled a little too hard," returned the doctor, kindly. "I think you mentioned a Puritan ancestor?"

"Thomas Dudley, the second Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony," answered Mrs. Brooks, distinctly, and with some surprise at the apparent irrelevance of the question.

"That is, some two hundred and fifty years ago, a band of men of the highest mental endowment and of iron strength of will, actuated by the most exalted moral and religious motives known in the civil history of mankind, were led to people New England. For two hundred and fifty years the descendants of this chosen people have intermarried exclusively. In their social intercourse there has been a Chinese wall between themselves and barbarians. In every successive generation, their mental faculties have been educated, their moral perceptions refined to the uttermost. The very air of Boston is electrical with the cumulative surcharged mental and moral life of the 'Brahmin caste of New England.' The result is—not degeneration, the original stock was too virile to be soon exhausted, but what in athletics would be called overtraining.

"That is, there has resulted a superfineness of mental fibre, a hypervividness of imagination, an ultra-acuteness of nervous sensibility that are stirred to their depths by the slightest thrill of some forgotten chord, that are tortured by the jar of any unpleasant association of ideas, however remote. Lastly, but by no means least, the Puritan conscience incessantly combats the result of all these accumulated tendencies, without the least conception of their real significance. You are not the first Boston woman, priding herself on her blue blood, who has detected 'symptoms' in herself.

"In regard to what you have been telling me, in the first place, the mere ugliness of the idol, combined with its inevitable associations, naturally affected you unpleasantly. Later, I think you may have been renewing your acquaintance with the 'Conquest of Mexico' in order to inform yourself more accurately regarding the antecedents of this interesting piece of bric-a-brac."

"Ye-es," asserted Mrs. Brooks.

"We have, then, the pre-existing conditions. The immediate cause we may, without doubt, ascribe to the clavier practice. Nothing could be worse for a person of nervous temperament than this new form of musical instruction. I have been obliged, more than once, to forbid piano practice, but this growing custom of manipulating the fingers on a mute instrument is directly answerable for the nervous symptoms in sev-



"Close at hand was the familiar idol, waiting for its oblation—the pulsing heart of the victim."

eral cases that have lately come under my notice. The tips of the fingers, as you are aware, are so many nerve centres. In this clavier practice, there being no sound to distract the attention, the thought is concentrated upon these exquisitely sensitive finger tips. Cease the practice. Spend all the time possible in the open air. Ride a bicycle, play golf, and don't let the Puritan conscience bully you!"

The following morning Mrs. Brooks awoke early. It was a laughing compact between her husband and herself that they should take turns in getting up first. To-day it was her turn; but reluctant to bestir herself she lay with closed eyes and with her face turned to the wall.

The phantasmagoria of dreamland fitted through her brain, but with the consciousness that these shifting shapes belonged to the realm of sleep; while conscience urged her, with a poignancy out of all proportion to the occasion, not to get up, but to look over her shoulder. If you turn your head quick enough, said the inward prompting, you will see it face to face and find out what it means!

"The doctor said that these morbid fancies had their origin in the finger tips," dream reason gravely asserted. "It might be so, yet—suggestion may be strangely potent. You give it a fine name, doctor, when you call it association of ideas, but is that, indeed, nothing more than the tendency of this or the other object to bring before the mind scenes in which it has once figured? Suppose a case where the intense thought of millions of human beings, concentrated generation after generation upon a single object, had projected itself into objective existence and endowed that object with its own vitality?"

"You put your face in the shadow, doctor, so I may not read your answer; but this goes beyond a question of finger tips!"

She sank a little deeper into sleep and the vision was real, yet she knew it for a vision.

It was long, long ago. The day of sacrifice had arrived. She saw the pyramid, with its encircling galleries, like the threads of a vast screw, and the long flights of steps at the corner of the great pile. Below, as far as the eye could reach, were the forms of prostrate worshippers. She lay, prone, with the rest, yet seemed, at the same time, mysteriously lifted above the concourse, with a bird's-eye view of all that was going on. The sacrificial train wound up the pyra-

mid, the victim in its midst. He was a young man, well made and athletic, clad in a single snowy garment—it looked oddly like a pyjama, wreathed with flowers. He was tearing the garlands from him now and flinging them away, as though in agony. How slowly and heavily he walked. He knew the doom that was upon him, but a power greater than his own impelled his steps. Could nothing save him?

Only she. If she could but turn her head quick enough and see him face to face, she could call out his name and the spell that was upon him, that was urging him to a frightful death, would be broken. It behooved her beyond words, beyond mortal stress, to see him face to face. But whether on the steps, or on the sinuous ascent of the successive galleries, his countenance was turned from her and his name remained behind the closed doors of consciousness. So, prostrate, she watched the train from that far-off point of vantage, and waited, breathless, for the consummation.

The procession reached the summit of the pyramid and was met by five priests, whose long and matted locks flowed over their sable robes. A sixth priest, who wore a scarlet mantle, now came forward, and he held a razor-like stone knife in his hand.

And she knew the office of the scarlet-clad priest.

The temple guardians led the victim to the centre of the apex of the pyramid, where stood a huge block of jasper, cunningly fashioned to its purpose—a hollow on the top and a groove leading thence down the side of the stone. Close at hand was the familiar idol, waiting for its oblation—the pulsing heart of the victim, torn from the living tissues. But it was no longer insensate. It was the terrible Aztec deity. It was *Tecatlipoca*.

But, instead of the scarlet priest aiming the fatal blow, it was the victim himself who held the knife. No, it was not a knife, but a razor. How still it all was! She could hear his heavy breathing and see the drops of sweat upon his brow.

With a start, and sudden wide-open eyes Mrs. Brooks turned on the pillow. The coverlids on the other side of the bed were thrown back and the place was empty. She jumped out of bed and ran across the hall. The dressing room door was locked. She did not knock or call out. She knew that the key was not in its place within. She knew where the key was.

She sped down over the stairs, passed



through the dining-room and little back hall into the yard. There lay the key beneath the dressing-room window. Her bare feet pattered over the stairs again. It had all happened ages and ages ago, when or where she did not know. She had seen—that which she was about to see; perhaps in some recent dream, whose dream outlines were already obscured and half forgotten, perhaps in some other existence. She fitted the key into the lock of the dressing-room door, turned the knob and entered.

The terrified maids at last summoned

courage to push open the door of Mr. Brooks' dressing-room. There lay Mr. Brooks, his hand still clutching the razor with which he had unspeakably done himself to death. By his side crouched his wife, her night gown streaked and dabbled with blood, her crooked fingers extended, talon-wise, as she beat time to the chanted words, grimacing at a queer foreign idol, with a golf cap on its head, that looked impassively down on the dead and the mad.

"Face to face, face to face at last! He turned his head quick enough, and we've found out what it meant!"

## THE COMING SEASON AT THE THEATRES

IF novels be literature, then the multitudes of taste who clamor the year long for a touch of literature in the drama, should think well of the promise of this season of the theatre. To begin with, Mrs. Fiske produces the greatest novel of them all, "A Novel Without a Hero." Unquestionably no play-bill can start more delightful expectation than that announcing a dramatization of "Vanity Fair." Mrs. Fiske wisely calls this version "Becky Sharp," since no dramatic presentation confined within the limits of four or five acts may hope to be as comprehensive as Thackeray's "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Society." Mrs. Fiske will surely make a very interesting interpreter of that very interesting young woman, *Miss Rebecca Sharp*, daughter of a ballet-master and friend of the noble *Lord Steyne*. It is equally certain that Mrs. Fiske will disappoint many. The disappointed are always with us, when there is question of interpreting a character that everybody has had the opportunity to *understand*. Yet it is safe to premise that Mrs. Fiske will have a smaller number of disappointees than any other American actress who should undertake so complex and so familiar a rôle. It is to be hoped that the young woman who is to play *Amelia Sedley* will succeed in proving to women auditors that *Emmy* was not such an insipid little idiot as many of them judge her. Men readers of "Vanity Fair" rarely find the same verdict on the wife of the gallant and weak-willed *George Osborne*. Perhaps all the women readers believe that they never could have been de-

ceived by such a dandy; and perhaps all the men think that *George* was only a man, after all, but a very handsome one. Maurice Barrymore is to convert himself, if he will use some effort, into *Ravdon Crawley*. It was Joseph Jefferson who once said that, "Barrymore would be one of our foremost actors if only he would work." Let's pray that he may roll up his sleeves for this occasion.

Close upon the news that a new interest in Thackeray's work was to be sprung, came the announcement of "The Only Way," a dramatization of "The Tale of Two Cities." No novel of Dickens moves with more dramatic flow, and for many lovers of the creator of *Sam Weller* and innumerable other respected folk, this is the most admired book of them all. Henry Miller is to play *Sydney Carton*, and it should not be a surprise if he were to achieve in this medium the most notable success of his starring career. "The Only Way" is a play that will harmonize well in the public mind with "Robespierre" of Sir Henry Irving, which offering, for extrinsic interest is bound to fasten the most widespread and most serious attention. And why not, when the knighted player has had the services of so redoubtable a precursor as Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Senator of the United States? For the distinguished and eloquent Senator from the Empire State has told in all the close confidence of after-dinner chat, just how much he thinks of "Robespierre," an historical drama by Victorien Sardou. Besides, it is to be surmised that Sir Henry



Walter Barnett photo.

Dorothy Usner.

As the "touchingly clever" maid in "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME."

Irving cannot travel very many more seasons to our hospitable shores. Since we last saw him he has felt the sting of continued defeat, till at length the jealous rivals to the throne of London's Theatre Supremacy began to show their ambitions quite shamelessly. Yet he has caught back his sceptre in "Robespierre," and no audiences will be more ready to acknowledge his rank as master-player and producer than those of the United States.

Richard Mansfield, who is to us what Irving is to Englishmen, and to himself perhaps a trifle more, will, in all probability, devote another season to "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is not frequently that Mr. Mansfield can be induced to play one piece continuously through a single season. He grows tired of repeating a part night after night, and his extraordinary range justifies his breadth of

choice. But "Cyrano" was a most costly production, and, happily, the profits of it were enormous. The success was quite a record-breaker, and for this reason Mr. Mansfield may be persuaded to hold fast to "Cyrano" during 1899-1900. Even if the public interest in De Rostand's heroic comedy should wane, Mr. Mansfield has that sterling comedy of G. Bernard Shaw in store, "The Devil's Disciple," of which all of us could have more.

There is one novel now dramatized, of which much will be expected and the hero of which seems not entirely remote from the powers of Richard Mansfield. This is "The Gadfly," which Stuart Robson proposes to present. It is difficult to remember a more violent contrast than is formed by placing together "Bertie the Lamb" and "The Gadfly." True, it is that both are to a degree stutters; but *Bertie* made you laugh, and the hesitancy in the utterance of the *Gadfly* is quite tragic as the result of an accident and the reminder of a frightful ordeal. Indeed, Stuart Robson is essaying a character such as we would never have assigned to him. So if he succeeds in the rôle he is bound to make the most artistic success of his career. "The Gadfly" is a powerful and bitter book, and must make a powerful and bitter play. The deep dye of religion and anti-religion which tinges every character and action of "The Gadfly" will assuredly strike an impression whose nature it will be interesting to observe. Mrs. Voynich, the fortunate author of "The Gadfly," who has made so great a success with her first novel, is coming to New York to superintend the putting of her story on the stage.

Then there's William Gillette, who has dramatized for himself "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." So much has been written in advance about this play and the collaborators, that perhaps it were as well to be a little uncommunicative until we see it on the boards. Another star who is to rely for profit and progress on the combined

efforts of the novelist and the constructor of plays, is Olga Nethersole, who will produce "Sappho." Clyde Fitch has composed Miss Nethersole's play from the famous novel of Paris life. Those who remember Rejane's capital interpretation of *Fanny Legrand* may not hope for a presentment so really Parisian from Miss Nethersole. But the difference will consist in kind more than in degree, and Miss Nethersole should find *Fanny* a rôle on which she can count in her repertory. There can be but one drawback to Miss Nethersole's success, and that, the unpardonable one for any star, is the selection of inferior supporting players. When one recalls her splendid portrayal of *Paula Tanqueray*, and when, at the same time, one cannot drive from the mind the wooden agonies who recited the lines and went through the motions of *Aubrey* and of *Cayley Drummle*, one cannot but tremble for such fine dramatic possibilities as *Gaussin*, *Caoudal*, *Dechelette* and *Uncle César*. This faultiness on the part of Miss Nethersole's management has so frequently, so publicly and so fruitlessly been deplored that it would seem as though a set petition were next in order.

At last I. Zangwill is to have his chance as a dramatist. He who has threatened us so long, and who has made of every critic a deadly foe, is prepared to meet his fate as the author of a dramatic version of his own, "Children of the Ghetto." But he is not taking any careless risks on the fortunes of his first venture in the theatre. The first and surest precaution is that he has written the play himself; then he has had his brother Mark make water-color sketches of the characters of the piece, drawn after life models in London; then he has the aid of the master stage-craftsman of the country in James A. Herne to stand as sponsor,

and finally he is backed by managers of enterprise and capital. All he needs to do now is be his first-night audience himself and then write the criticisms for all the papers. It is noteworthy in this connection to remark the foresight on the part of American managers in securing the initial presentation of Zangwill's play. We are so used to importing our "successes of the season" from London and Paris. What woe if they should begin to import from us?

One of the most peculiar traits of the directors of theatres in other countries, as in this, is their easy submission to influences. Not that it is easy to influence them to read a new play, if report be true. But let one man, known to be a money-maker, announce a "new and original drama" from the story



Chickering photo.

May Buckley.



From a sketch made by Mark Zangwill for "The Children of the Ghetto."

tion, and almost immediately we hear of "The Ghetto," a drama, adapted by Chester Bailey Fernald. It seems not improbable that if a really bright manager jumped to his feet now and roared about "Nora, a Rose of Killarney," that it would be at least a relief, if not a success. Last season we were as far away from Shakespeare as, with all our talk, we generally are from the book of his plays. Presently a lady takes it into her head to offer a "magnificent and modern" setting of "Romeo and Juliet." Before we can recover our breath, there are a half dozen of *Juliets* hanging over the balcony. Some day a man will come along with a play about Coxey; then every tramp in the country will have to work.

William H. Crane has a field quite to himself in "Peter Stuyvesant," by Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews. Mr. Crane's appearances as the strong-willed and one-legged Governor of New Amsterdam will be an ambitious attempt. The setting of the piece should be quite picturesque, and the comedy itself cannot fail to charm, unless two such practised and gifted playwrights have all but lost their cunning.

John Drew will come before us anew in his splendor of modern habiliment in the "Tyranny of Tears," which Charles Wynd-

of "The Three Musketeers," and straightway "new and original" dramas on the same subject sprout like mushrooms. Last spring the growth was *Musketeers*; now its ghetti and Robespierres. Irving produces "Robespierre," and before a fortnight is passed Frederick Morrison promises a "Robespierre" of his own. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto"

is in prepara-

tion, of London, has tried and found fit. Mr. Drew seems not to be working half hard enough these days. Some one should procure for him a part, which he might really create. His experience and his powers entitle him to dispense with a London model both for his rôles and for his clothes. James K. Hackett will devote another season to "Rupert of Hentzau," and he may have his wife, Mary Mannering, with him as co-star. It is not improbable, also, that Virginia Harned will appear in support of her husband, E. H. Sothern, in "The King's Musketeer." Virginia Harned should make a very captivating *Miladi*. She would be still more interesting, however, as *Rautendelein* in "The Sunk-en Bell," Hauptman's fairy play, which Sothern has half promised to his admiring audiences.

Nat C. Goodwin has been so busy entertaining London friends and London audiences that he has not said much yet about his coming season. "The Cowboy and the Lady" was very tenderly coddled when he produced the piece at Philadelphia shortly before sailing for London last spring. But the Britishers just kept their money in their pockets after the first few nights, and even Clement Scott, after telling us all how delicate and clever it was, had to cable that good as it was, "The Cowboy and the Lady" had been peremptorily supplanted by "An American Citizen." We may then have a chance to speak for ourselves on the merits of "The Cowboy, etc., etc., etc."

Maude Adams will undoubtedly repeat for a while her charming *Babbie* in "The Little Minister," then if Mr. J. M. Barrie's new comedy is ready, she will produce it, and in the spring Miss Adams will offer a "Romeo and Juliet" production more expensive and



The Poet in "The Children of the Ghetto." From a sketch by Mark Zangwill.



*Miner photo.*

The Latest Portrait of Viola Allen.

more magnificent in every way than her first presentation. But she will still play *Juliet*. It is announced that Annie Russell, whose London appearance this year was cancelled by reason of illness, will give us a new occasion to justify her title as "The American Duse," in a comedy of American life, by Jerome K. Jerome. No more ill-advised and really unjust blow has been dealt by advertiser to client than Annie Russell has suffered in being labeled on her posters as "The American Duse." The epithet had been yawped by the writer of theatre notices in the only yellow journal in London. Miss Russell has never made any pretensions to even the most remote resemblance to the Italian genius. She has always done excellent work, however, although she has had more dead plays put on her shoulders than any actress on our stage. The blind zeal of her advertising manager has done a clever woman incalculable ill.

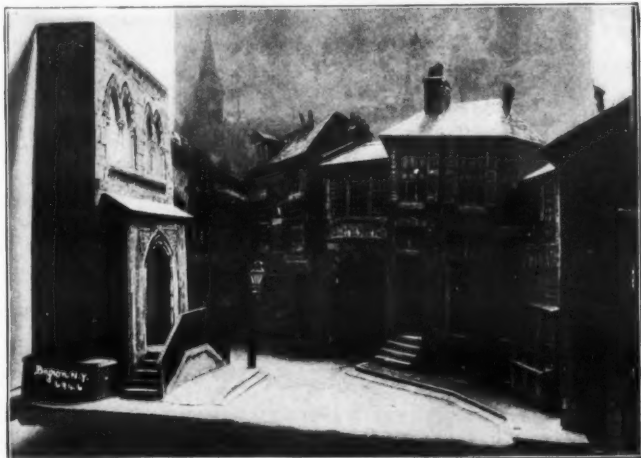


Reutlinger photo.

Olga Nethersole.

Julia Marlowe will add to her extensive repertory this season, Catulle Mendes' poetic drama, "Fiametta," which is being translated by John Davidson. Viola Allen will continue in her profitable starring venture, "The Christian," until the play which F. Marion Crawford is writing, for her is ready for production. Julia Arthur, emulating the invincible Bernhardt, will produce "Hamlet"; and later "More Than Queen," the play hinging on the relations of Napoleon and Josephine, which was written for Coquelin. From

all that can be learned, it would appear that Coquelin's enormous success in "Cyrano" led people to expect too much from "More Than Queen." As a consequence, they were disappointed. But then Coquelin could not play either *Napoleon* or *Josephine* in this play. As Miss Arthur may attempt *Josephine* without hindrance, the result on this side of the ocean may be different.



The Market Place.

Scene from "The Children of the Ghetto."